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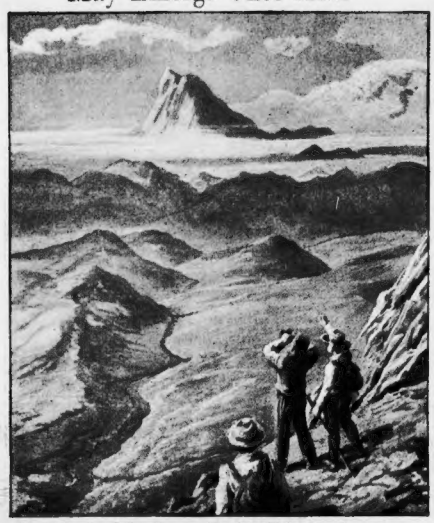
Sunday, Aug. 4, 1935

If The Sunken Continents Should Rise Again

Prof. Thevenin Presents Some Interesting Facts About Lands Now Beneath the Sea Which May Emerge Once More



The Sunken Sea Bottom Possesses Mountains Higher Than Mount Everest, Which Future Men Will, Perhaps, One Day Explore, If, According to the Rhythmic Law of the Movements of the Globe, These Continents Shall Return Again From the Depths of the Ocean.

It Is Not Impossible That Certain Prehistoric Animal Races Are Still Living on the Submerged Continents. They Would Reappear If the Land Rose Again to the Surface, but They Would Not Survive Long by Reason of the Change in the Conditions of Life, and Explorers Would Shorten Their Sufferings by Hunting Them Down.

By Professor Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist.

CHAPTER I.

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FAR down in the icy depths of the ocean, under a carpet of jelly-like ooze, 100 feet thick, lie at least two vast, drowned continents.

Survey ships, using the new sounding apparatus designed to measure quickly and accurately five miles and more to the bottom of such abysses as the Tuscarora Deep, have proved what geology and oceanography had long suspected.

These continents once basked in the sun, swarmed with all sorts of life and had mountains higher than Mt. Everest. Having been up once before, they may reappear some day and, if so, what would they look like and what would be the effect of their resurrection on the rest of the world?

Geological evidence of the past shows that the lost continents are more likely than not to rise again. What this would do to the existing continents depends largely on whether they are going to rise slowly or with a rush.

At intervals, as will be explained later, the volcanic forces of the earth get under the continents, heaving them up and expanding the earth, like a soap bubble, followed by a long period of quiet contraction, during which large areas of land may drop into the ocean. In case any one of the great lost, sunken continents should come up with a rush, the results would be so unpleasantly exciting in all other parts of the world, that a scientist would hardly be in condition to visit the newcomer even if he wanted to.

But assuming that somebody could and did arrive as soon as the ocean stopped raging and boiling enough to permit a ship to live on its surface, what would be found? Arriving on a ship the explorer would see little but rock shores and cliffs from which would be advancing toward him a dreadful cascade of ice-cold jelly, 100 feet deep.

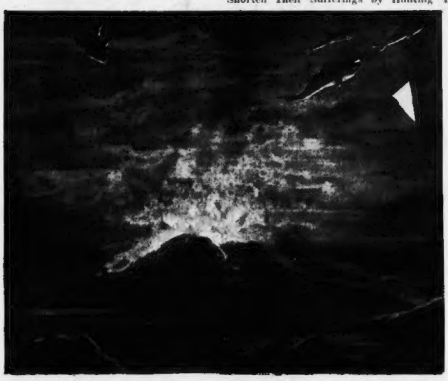
This abysmal ooze, when brought up by special apparatus, is neither solid nor liquid but something resembling a watery paste or meat jelly. The visiting scientists would be careful not to get over their heads in that ooze because it would be impossible to swim in the stuff. This hundred-foot sheet of slime pouring off the continent would probably prevent invasion from the water but the visitors might see monster heads poking up from the ooze and convulsions in it that indicated the movement of gigantic bodies, wallowing about.

It would be a poor sort of scientist who wouldn't risk his life to get a better view of monsters that had been hurled up from the depths and the thing could be managed in an airplane. Not only might they see the new continent from the air but probably find a landing spot on some plateau from which the ooze, perhaps aided by rain, had departed.

Stranded here and there they might come upon reptiles of nightmare size, direct descendants of the extinct land saurians whose fossil bones are almost too big to believe. One of the vast sunken continents that geologists have named Gondwanaland once stretched across what now is the South Atlantic Ocean, between South America and Africa. This one is believed to have sunk about the time when the biggest of the great land reptiles or dinosaurs were flourishing. The settling seems to have been very slow. If it was slow enough, these mightiest of all land animals might have had time to evolve backward, replacing their lungs with the older water-breathing gills. Hurled suddenly back into air and sunlight again, the descendants would soon die in the element where their ancestors had basked happily. It would be a mercy to shorten their sufferings by hunting them with airplanes.

For years, possibly centuries, the newly-risen world would be worthless to man as far as supporting vegetable or animal life is concerned. But that primeval ooze, that death cocktail, containing a dash of every animal and plant that ever lived and a sample of every soil, would not all escape back to the ocean. Probably the greater part would dry out and form the richest soil man has ever seen.

In any event, the new continent would surely be a mineral treasure house. Gold would be lying around in nuggets as it was in the caveman's day.



In Several Parts of the World Volcanoes Are Still Active at the Bottom of the Sea and Sometimes Produce Grave Disturbances.

Tourists would come, if for nothing else than to view mountains so high as to dwarf any to be seen today. The reason for this is that mountains under the influence of atmospheric action are continually being worn down. The oldest mountains in our present world are the lowest ones, because they are the most worn out. On the other hand, mountains which are under the water are not worn away by the effects of exterior phenomena. Even the movement of the waves is not felt by them. They exist in an unchanging temperature. Finally the layer of mud protects the rock as if it were enveloped in a mass of cotton.

Let us consider the reasons for the possible re-ascension of the lost continent of Gondwanaland. Its last appearance was during the age that geologists call the Cretaceous Period. A long arm of the continent, like an extremely thick isthmus, extended from Africa to join what is now the eastward projection of Brazil, on the east coast of South America. On its African side the lost continent spread out to fill the inward bend of the western coast of Africa. The present Cape Verde Islands, west of northern Africa, probably were once mountain peaks of this lost continent. The same is true of the islands of Ascension and of St. Helena, where Napoleon died. Whether the loneliest of Atlantic islands, the tiny dot of land called Tristan da Cunha, marks another peak of the lost continent or was south of its former borders is still uncertain.

However this may be, the air route now flown by mail and passenger planes from the westernmost extension of Africa across the Atlantic to Brazil probably follows closely the vast continental bridge that once stretched above the waves to connect the two present continents. However, if the giant dinosaurs attempted to cross this land bridge between the Old World and the New, as there is fossil evidence that some of them succeeded in doing, they may have had to swim a short distance at the American end, especially during the last stages of the history of Gondwanaland. There seems to have been at this time a narrow arm of the ocean across the land bridge at this point, at least during a part of the continent's history.

This vast continent had been in existence during millions of years of previous earth history, from at least far back in the previous Paleozoic Period when life first was developing and evolving into many forms in the ancient seas. How the continent was formed originally no one knows, but it probably rose slowly and gradually during the long previous period of great calm, much unlike the times of shocks and terrestrial cataclysms which had preceded its formation and which presently were to mark its end. We can understand how a continent may rise slowly in this way by considering what is happening in Norway at the present time.

The shores of that country are rising progressively above the level of the ocean. In 100,000 years it is quite possible that Norway will again be united to America by Iceland and Greenland, as it was in the Eocene Epoch, at the beginning of the Tertiary Period.

Water probably flowed abundantly during the whole existence of Gondwanaland, for it was an epoch remarkable for the fall of tremendous rains, which greatly favored vegetable growth. It is necessary, therefore, to imagine this territory as a vast marshy forest, resembling the present forests of the Amazon, but with different plants, for most of the present plant species did not exist. The trees were only represented by pines and cedars, but there were gigantic plants, such as the horsetails, also called scouring rushes, the calemites and immense ferns, which were as high as our largest palm-trees. This forest was inhabited. Indeed the most extraordinary animals lived in it, such as the Brontosaurus and Diplodocus, which wandered lazily through the humid valleys under the incessant rain which fell like a flood. They breathed in air heavily charged with carbonic acid, which also made rich vegetation.

Eastward from Africa there also existed at this time another great continent, sometimes considered by geologists as a part of Gondwanaland, just as the present Asia and the present Europe often are called parts of the same land mass. Sometimes this eastern extension is called Lemuria, from the little monkey-like lemurs, supposed to be the ancestors of mankind.

Somewhere in this lost Lemuria these lemurs are supposed to have begun their evolution out of some previous reptile-like creature now forgotten and unknown. Nowadays the island of Madagascar off the east coast of Africa and some small parts of southern India are all that is left of the vanished Lemuria, except for a few scattered islands which probably mark the former continent's mountain peaks.

The latter part of this Cretaceous Period and the opening of the Tertiary Period which followed it were entirely different from the preceding times which we have just outlined. In place of the slow movements of the earth's crust, requiring thousands of years for their long accomplishment, the new period was characterized by violent and terrifying upheavals.

In the continent which we call the Old World enormous mountainous masses, like the Atlas Mountains of Africa, or the Himalaya Mountains of Asia, began to rise up at this time. Then the bridge which joined South America to Africa disappeared under the waves, leaving above the surface only the few islands mentioned. An immense hollow in the earth's crust was formed and became the Indian Ocean, which disposed of the former Lemuria.

Far to the north another vast land bridge connecting northern Canada, Greenland and Scandinavia also began to shrink, although some remnants of this northern continent, sometimes called Holarctica, were to last for a somewhat longer period. On the other hand, a large arm of the sea which then covered most of northern Africa and stretched far to the east across middle Asia like a gigantic duplicate of the present Mediterranean Sea, began to shrink and disappear because of the rising land.

The disappearance of Gondwanaland and other continents must then be considered as a tremendous cataclysm, which not only changed the face of the planet, but at the same time destroyed many of the creatures inhabiting it. This may have had something to do with the sudden disappearance of all those great dinosaurs which inhabited the earth before this period.

The other species were able to survive because it was easier for them to emigrate and also because their more perfected nervous systems permitted them to adapt themselves rapidly without too great suffering to the new conditions. But the giant reptiles were too slow in body and mind to think out ways of escaping from disaster. They died on the spot.

In the next chapter we will consider some things that would happen elsewhere in the not-very blessed event of the rebirth of that continent.

(To Be Concluded Next Sunday)

Thousands of "Keys to Baldpate"

THE "Seven Keys to Baldpate" made famous by the mystery story of that name by the late Earl Derr Biggers—and the play based on the story—have become 7,000 keys, more or less, in a little inn nestled in the mountains of northern Colorado. This modest hostelry, appropriately named Baldpate Inn and set on a pine-covered hillside in Estes Park Village, is known all over the world for the great and curious collection of keys which Gordon and Ethel Mace, the owners of the establishment, have gathered from guests and others during the past 10 years.

It was not until 1924 that Gordon Mace began seeking keys from his guests. Today he has keys from the rich and the poor, the famous and the obscure. They have been sent from England, Scotland, Syria, Egypt, France, India, Java, Germany, China, Japan, Norway, Sweden, Mexico and from every State in the Union. They are of every size and description. Every key is tagged with the name of its original owner and a brief explanatory legend.

First and foremost among the choice keys is the brass one given by Earl Derr Biggers, himself. "This is the original key to Baldpate," he wrote on the tag. "All others are imitations. The old man (a character in 'Seven Keys to Baldpate') gave it to me the day before he died." Close by is another key, closely related to the Baldpate story. It is from Richard Dix, the motion picture star who appeared in a movie version of the book. "This is the key I used in 'Seven Keys to Baldpate,'" he wrote.

Among the first donors of keys was Clarence Darrow of Chicago, world-famous as an authority on criminal law, and a recent contribution to the unique collection is the key to the front door of the Southern Bank of Kentucky, the first bank robbed by Frank and Jesse James. This key was presented by Hal Walters Moraeley, a native of Russellville, Ky., and now a professor of chemistry in Tulane University.

The key room in the inn is covered with keys, from ceiling to floor and strange, indeed, are some of the keys to be seen there. For instance, there is the white ivory key, cross-shaped, which dates back to the days of the Sphinx in Egypt. It was secured by Felix Van Cleff in Luxor, Egypt, and it is known as the "key of life." It is said to be a sacred symbol carried by the ancient Egyptian kings.

From Agra, India, came a beautiful padlock in the form of a mystic animal. Beside this padlock is a great iron key which belongs to an old Spanish strongbox, once used to convey bullion from South America back to the Spain of the Conquistadors.

W. A. Draves, of Milwaukee, Wis., presented Mace with a rule made of gold, with this inscription engraved upon it: "Key to Happiness: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Above the ruler, ironically enough, is a big key which opened the doors of the first Lancaster County Jail in London, Neb., and held "in durance vile" some of the citizens of that community who failed, for one reason or another, to live up to this Golden Rule.

On the tag of one key is written in German a plea for a better understanding "between all nations." It was left by two German youths. Near it is a wheel key for a Civil War cannon. Seven keys collected in France during the World War were added to the collection by Charles E. Mace, brother of Gordon, and official photographer for General Pershing during the war.

One is a key from the Argonne, another from Soissons, a third is to the heavy front door of a Rhine castle. A key to the United States mint in Philadelphia has a place beside a rusty key sent from Edinburgh, Scotland.

A finely made key, twelve inches long and fashioned of iron, was added to the collection by Charles A. Saba, who found it in an ancient mosque in Damascus, Syria. Charles C. Gates of Denver donated the key to a monastery in Peru, and a key to an old Mexican church, which he found in the Thieves' Market in Mexico City. Charles Harold Bird added to the fame of the curious collection by the gift of a key originally used to protect Mozart's wine cellar.

The oldest and largest of the keys in the collection is the "Keystone," made of granite and presented by Eugene Vosburg. It weighs 200 pounds, and dates back approximately 2,000 years before the birth of Christ.

The key to a music box once owned by the German Royal family hangs on the wall, and near it is the key to a room occupied by Edgar Allan Poe while he was a student at the University of Virginia. The old and rusty key to the gate of Sherwood Forest in England brings a thrill to visitors who are familiar with the exploits of Robin Hood.

A key from the Parish prison in New Orleans, La., where Lafitte, the French smuggler and pirate, was imprisoned about 1812, is there, too. Edward Groth, of the American consular service, sent an old key from Java. It first was used by a Madurese woman for her dower chest.

The key to the captain's quarters of the four-masted bark, Star of Scotland, was presented by A. C. Mott of the Alaskan Packers' Association. The bark, launched in March, 1887, sailed the Seven Seas, carrying cargoes to all parts of the world.

The Key Room of the Inn, the Ceiling and Walls of Which Are Lined With Thousands of Keys, Each Bearing a Label Revealing the Name and Address of Its Contributor.

—And, at the Left—Miss Anna Gordon Mace, of Baldpate Inn, Holding Some of the Odd Keys Which Have Been Collected From Guests at the Unique Colorado Inn.

The Quaint Main Entrance to the Hotel, With Its Attractive Emblem, "Seven Keys" Hung on a Huge Ring Over the Portico.

When the world-famous Waldorf-Astoria was torn down in New York City, a key was sent to Baldpate, as was one from the Virginia Hotel in Chicago, also dismantled. The tag on another key reads: "Stolen by my wife from the Palace Hotel in Milan, Italy."

Among the largest keys in the collection is the iron key dropped from an airplane by Paul E. Johnson, air-mail pilot, as he circled in his ship high above the inn.

Parasols That Don't Hide Beauty

VISITORS to the smart watering places of England and the continent have learned, by interesting experience, not to be surprised at anything in the way of apparel and equipment that makes its appearance at these resorts. They have long since become inured to form-fitting bathing suits that barely cover their wearers—not to mention the law—to beach pajamas, garish in cut and color, and to such innovations as sun-hats with brims four feet or more in diameter, and canvas dressing tents slung from the shoulders.

But once in a while a genuinely new idea—like the parasol the pretty young woman is carrying, as shown in the photograph—pops up on the sands and the boardwalks and, if the idea takes hold, it becomes a vogue.

The inventors of this transparent parasol believe that they have a potential gold mine in this ultra-modern accessory which, in one way, is not a sunshade at all, because the light of the sun passes through it, as it does through a glass window. It is said that certain ultra-violet rays penetrate to the owner's skin, but that it is impossible to get sunburned through the transparent material.

Transparent Sunshades Are Now Appearing on the Beaches. They Allow, So It Is Claimed, Only Certain Beneficial Solar Rays to Penetrate, and Thus Prevent Sunburn Without Hiding the Pretty Faces of the Owners.

The Hemstitched Halibut, Which, When Caught by a Ship's Crew Off the Labrador Banks, Disclosed a Wound Which Had Been Sewn Together With Sail Twine.

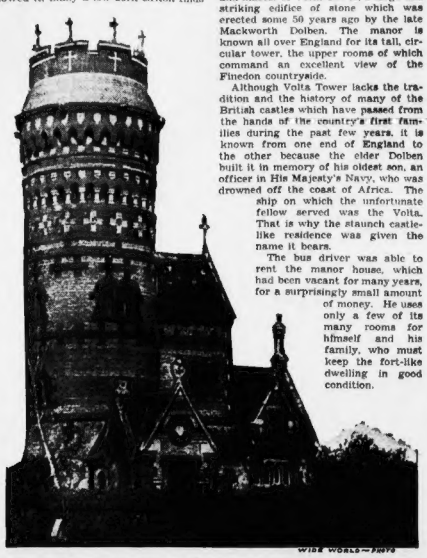
A Bus-Driver's Castle

TIME was when only the wealthy and titled landed gentry lived in the castles scattered over the landscape of the British Isles. But nowadays, with so many of England's aristocratic families impoverished by the war and the depression which followed it, many a low-born Briton finds himself occupying a turreted and ramparted dwelling which once was the joy of some proud and prosperous subject of the crown.

Such a man is E. W. Longland, a Finedon bus driver, who, by a strange twist of fortune, finds himself the lord and master of Volta Tower, a large and striking edifice of stone which was erected some 50 years ago by the late Mackworth Dolben. The manor is known all over England for its tall, circular tower, the upper rooms of which command an excellent view of the Finedon countryside.

Although Volta Tower lacks the tradition and the history of many of the British castles which have passed from the hands of the country's first families during the past few years, it is known from one end of England to the other because the elder Dolben built it in memory of his oldest son, an officer in His Majesty's Navy, who was drowned off the coast of Africa. The ship on which the unfortunate fellow served was the Volta. That is why the staunch castle-like residence was given the name it bears.

The bus driver was able to rent the manor house, which had been vacant for many years, for a surprisingly small amount of money. He uses only a few of its many rooms for himself and his family, who must keep the fort-like dwelling in good condition.



WIDE WORLD—Photo

Volta Tower, at Finedon, England, Which Recently Has Been Rented to a Bus Driver. It Was Built Half a Century Ago by Mackworth Dolben, in Memory of His Son.

Dogs Win in Election

THE dogs of Topeka, Kansas, were not aware that the day of a recent mayoralty election was a fateful day for them, but it was and only by a handful of votes were they allowed the freedom of the streets, a privilege which has been theirs since Topeka was a little frontier settlement.

It was the garden-makers who thrust the city's dogs into the political limelight by registering emphatic objection to the damage which the unhampered pets do to vegetable gardens and flower beds. Why, they demanded, should the community's hundreds of canine inhabitants be allowed to trample down and scratch up these cultivated spots when it is a simple matter to pass a law which will keep them chained and leashed?

So the good people of Topeka went to the polls and voted to leash or not to leash, and the dog lovers, by a very small margin, outnumbered the garden enthusiasts. When the ballots were counted, it was found that 9,981 voters were for curbing the canines and 10,098 were for letting them have the freedom of the city.

Deep Sea Mystery Story

WHEN Captain Felix Hogan, of the Gloucester fishing schooner, L. A. Dunton, unloaded a catch of halibut at Portland, Maine, he started the story of the hemstitched halibut which has set all the tongues of the fisher folk a-wagging. The fish were caught on the Labrador Banks and the schooner's hold contained a lot of fish, indeed. Biggest of all was a 500-pounder, which is some fish even for halibut, which runs large up there in those icy waters.

But its size was not this fish's only mark of distinction. On its left shoulder, high up, was a V-shaped wound fully eight inches long, the edges of which had been neatly stitched together with sail twine. It was conceivable that, as the fish was valuable, an attempt had been made to hide a ragged wound, made perhaps by a carelessly wielded gaff. Yet Captain Hogan and his crew unanimously and absolutely swore by the shades of all the sea-serpents in the Seven Seas that the repair job on the fish's hide was none of their work. In substantiation of this claim they further pointed out that the torn flesh had united; and that the wound had healed! Obviously old Hank Halibut had received the gaping wound and had submitted to a surgical operation many weeks before its enforced visit to the hold of the Dunton.

The stitches must have been put in by someone, the fish returned to the water and allowed its freedom until only the thread and the marks of the tear in the flesh remained. Who did the strange bit of surgery and where he established his operating room for fish is a mystery that probably never will be cleared up. The best guess seems to be that some eccentric humanitarian came upon the wounded halibut caught in a pool by the ebbing tide, or washed ashore by huge waves, and that the crude job of hemstitching was done quickly and the great fish rolled back into the sea.

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Count Zichy and His American Wife in Trouble Again

Maybe the Battling Nobleman Was Justified in Smacking Six Gendarmes and One Doctor, and His Wife in Hurling Bottles at Them, but He Went to Jail Just the Same and So Did She—Almost

BUDAPEST, July 25.

THE very noble Count Edward Zichy has just been fined and given fifteen days in jail for punching several policemen and Dr. Tibor Feliki and uttering ignoble language in the Cafe Belazs of this city. His American wife, the former Miss Charlotte Demarest, sister of the late Baroness Driesen and daughter of the socially eminent Mrs. Warren G. Demarest, of New York, and equally noble as long as she stays married to Count Teddy, was fined 200 pengos (about $60) for hurling somewhat similar declasse remarks and an absinthe bottle at Dr. Feliki's head.

The Countess denied that she had thrown the bottle and even if she had, it was not at the doctor's head because even the hostile witnesses admitted that it missed him "by a mile." The learned Police Councilor, Istvan Csatho, however, urged that the fair sex, by axiom and definition, was a notoriously poor shot, even when sober. He argued that the very fact she had missed him was presumptive evidence that the doctor was her target, whereas had she hit him, it would be proof that she was aiming at someone else.

As for the language, the Count and Countess said it was appropriate to the time, place and audience. Anyone who would be drinking in a cafe at 3 in the morning would hardly be much damaged by anything he or she might hear. The police magistrate's decision indicated that he did not think this a sufficient defense.

Count "Teddy" and his brother Theodore, known as Count "Tivvy," who has also been in jail and endless trouble, consider themselves sort of underprivileged children of the nobility who must have plenty of money but cannot earn any. Tivvy, the older brother, distinguished himself in high school by appearing at classes in evening dress because after his riotous all-night parties broke up there was often no time to go home and change his clothes. Of course he knew nothing about his lessons and did little but snooze in a back seat. Had the son of a commoner behaved like that, steps would have been take to make him behave and learn something. But generations ago, the Zichy family saved Hungary from Turks, Russians and other pests for which their descendants today are exempt from school discipline.

Brother Teddy followed Tivvy's example and headed toward becoming another noble ignoramus until the boys' American mother, the Countess Bela Rudolph Zichy, formerly Miss Mabel Wright, sent the pair to an English school which promised to teach them something useful. Before the school had much time, the boys resigned to live in London.

Tivvy improved the occasion by marrying a fortune in the form of an English heiress, Miss Xenia Howard Johnstone, who tried him, found him wanting and quickly divorced him. Much annoyed Count Tivvy returned to Budapest and married for love, his childhood sweetheart, Maria Glock, salesgirl in a candy store.

Everyone told Tivvy that he had done a fine, noble thing, for it was always much better to marry for love than money. But his mama was not so sure because just at that moment the Zichy fortunes had blown up. Here were two promising youths educated to spend money with charming indifference but without any of their own and no training to earn a single pengo.

However, they knew they had to try and Tivvy became an automobile racer, without success. Then he endeavored in vain to raise money for a stratosphere flight, finally winding up in a Vienna prison for pyramiding debts against assets that did not seem to have existed. Count Tivvy was let out after four months and has lately quieted down a lot.

Teddy also married early Miss Demarest who had money but not enough to support the pair in the luxury to which he had been accustomed and which she expected went with the noble life. The bride did not think it necessary to take money with her on a honeymoon but, after they had run up a $1,000 hotel bill, found that the noble bridegroom hadn't brought any either. So Count Teddy also took up toil, first as a dancer in the night clubs of Paris. The family forbade it with vehement telegrams. But since he had disobeyed them when they were sending him a small fortune to fritter away every year, now that they were broke, he did not even answer. However, he quit his job because it did not pay. After failing to sell all sorts of things from insurance to real estate, there came a grand inspiration.

It would be a sensation if a Count Zichy turned prize fighter. It was. When his aristocratic family saw "the Kid" Count Zichy billed as due to fight fifteen rounds with a second-rate prize fighter they almost had apoplexy and no doubt a long line of ancestors turned in their graves. The aristocrats, living and dead, could not stop him, but the common people did by letting it be known that they were disgusted and would not patronize the bout. At the last moment Count Teddy's plebeian but practical opponent, realizing that the purse would not be worth fighting for, backed out.

There was the young Count, all trained up to fighting pitch and nobody to punch. Sadly Teddy got a job as a wine salesman, a line in which he had much personal experience on the buying and consuming end. The first night he broke training, the Count, the Countess, the novelist Charles Lambert and an English lady made a round of the Hungarian capital's high spots, finally reaching the Cafe Belazs.

To sharpen his taste, the Count in the course of the evening had sampled forty different kinds of wine, assisted by the other members of the party who by this time were quite thoroughly exhilarated. At that point, as often happens the curve of exhilaration took a downward pitch toward sadness. The Count became conscious of his troubles in what ordinarily would be called a "crying jag" but in his case was "noble melancholy."

Insisting on telling the pathetic story of his life in a loud voice, that he was a poor, underprivileged child who had never had a chance, he bored the other guests who had reached the stage where no voice is pleasant but their own. The head waiter by strategy induced the Count and his party to take a table outdoors near the street. But one does not often get rid of that type of nuisance so easily.

Hardly had they seated themselves than the Count was spotted by a couple of ragamuffins who infest the streets of Budapest, calling themselves "gipsy musicians." Their method of collecting tribute is to play free, and so awful is their product that usually someone bribes them liberally to go and torment some other place.

The down-trodden noble tossed them a coin, not to go away but, to everyone's dismay, to come to his table and play for the party. Their scratchings moved the other guests to ask the management to have some one tell the urchins to go away and die.

The head waiter, however, put it more diplomatically. He requested the Count to send the gipsies away because the cafe had no license for musical talent and the police might object. But the Count saw through it.

"It is because your guests do not like the music," he shouted. "But why should I efface myself for them? Who are they to know how to make a living when nobody will hire a Zichy?"

So he ordered the urchins to stay right there and make all the noise they could. Throwing noble Zichys out of cafes isn't done any more than out of schools, therefore the head waiter retired to devise new tactics. The Count had won but, not content with his victory, he told the guests what he thought of them, using what is charged as "ignoble language."

It is a common complaint by man the world over that when he has a row in a restaurant, his wife gets mad, blames him for making a scene and always sides with the enemy. If so, Teddy's Countess is one wife in a million because she usually backs him up, and she did so this time. The Count's harangue became so offensive that presently a well known young lawyer walked over to him and said:

"My name is Dr. Tibor Feliki. Please don't forget that there are ladies present and kindly refrain from using objectionable words."

The Count made no answer. Just at the moment he was full of self-pity at the heartless way in which he had been cheated out of his chance of a great prize-ring career. His suppressed desires to punch someone suddenly asserted themselves. He let fly one at the lawyer's nose making it bleed and knocking him all the way back to the lap of the lady he had just left.

Recovering, Dr. Tibor considered returning to the fray and it was at this moment that the Countess showed her love and loyalty by that alleged bottle heaving at the lawyer's already gory face. The doctor, recoiling before this new enemy, decided to wait for reinforcements, which appeared in the form of a policeman, attracted by the crash of the bottle through a glass door.

The policeman listened to all sides and then said that the Count would have to take his musicians and himself away. The Count then explained grandly who he was and when the policeman could not see that his nobility altered the situation, Teddy let go another one, knocking the astonished man flat on his back.

The smitten policeman had a sword and pistol and the crowd was with him but he says that the Countess stood beside her husband swinging a bottle in each hand, like Indian clubs. Therefore he blew his whistle, bringing five more of his uniformed colleagues. The six had to take quite a few heavy punches before they could separate the embattled Count from his embottled Countess.

Then they dragged him away to the station, followed by Dr. Feleki and all the guests as witnesses. Here the police paid little attention to the bedlam of charges and counter-charges, merely taking names and addresses and telling them to go home, sober off and appear in court the next afternoon.

They turned up not only sober but sad looking. The day after a night like that, it is quite customary for persons to have gaps in their memories but these gaps were interesting because they were in groups.

Only the Count, the Countess and their two English friends could remember that Dr. Feleki had raised a chair and that the Count had therefore struck in self-defense. The Countess and her party could not remember any bottle-throwing, but everyone else did. The management of the cafe diplomatically remained neutral and was not represented.

It would have taken a psychoanalyst months to separate the truth in this tangled and fuddled testimony from dreams and wishful-thinking. But the police had been sober and even a noble Zichy isn't supposed to punch them. Therefore, the magistrate imposed the 15-day sentence and a fine of 600 pengos. The Countess, for hurling objectionable language and heavy objects, was fined 200 pengos.

Then he turned around and fined the astonished Dr. Feleki 100 pengos for fighting.

That gentleman had supposed he was there only as a complaining witness. He also had the advantage of being a lawyer, able to present his damaged countenance as Exhibit A. Dr. Feliki objected, saying that he had merely appealed to the nobleman's better self as a gentleman and been assaulted without provocation. The magistrate overruled him with the following opinion:

"By your own testimony, corroborated by the circumstantial evidence of your face, you have been fighting which is against the law. As an educated man with the degree of doctor, you should know that people who have been drinking in public until 3 A. M. are usually no longer ladies and gentlemen. Their better selves have long since passed out of consciousness and cannot be appealed to until the next day.

"If you thought the Count's language unfit for the ears of the lady you were with, you should have taken her out of that place and home at once. You should never have taken that sort of a lady to that sort of a place at that hour anyway. The only way to treat an intoxicated nuisance is to go away from him. As soon as he finds he has no audience to annoy, he goes to sleep. The fine is to make you remember that fact after your nose has healed and been forgotten."

The Unfortunate Dr. Feliki, Whom the Count Punched in the Nose and Who Was Fined 100 Pengos Besides.

The Countess Charlotte Zichy, Who Was Miss Demarest, of New York, and Sister of the Late Baroness Driesen—But Who Had to Pay Her Fine for Hurling Bottles in the Exclusive Budapest Night Club, Nevertheless.

Count Edward Zichy in Pugilistic Pose.

Back to Back the Embattled Count and His Embottled Countess Resisted the Police, While Dr. Feliki Nursed His Hurts in the Lap of His Lady.

The Fashionable Cafe Belazs, Where the Count Knocked Out the Police and the Countess Threw the Bottles.

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A Hospital For Aged Paintings

The Art Surgery: When Panels Are Found to Have Been Painted on Both Sides They Are Clamped in a Vice and Divided With a Delicate Draw-Saw.

Restoration of Damaged or Worn Oils Which Blister Frequently Is Accomplished With the Aid of an Electric Iron, With Which the Picture Is Smoothed After It Has Been Treated With an Injection of Glue.

VIENNA.

THE world-famous Museum of Historical Art in this city maintains a hospital where pictures in need of rehabilitation because of age or accident are treated by experts who have made a fine art of restoring and preserving paintings.

Time and atmospheric conditions play havoc with masterpieces which are valued at thousands of dollars and which could not be replaced if they were allowed to fall into a state of decay. Such pictures are sent to the museum hospital where their ills are carefully diagnosed. Every inch of a sick painting is studied through a powerful microscope and, if necessary, chemical analyses are made of the pigments and of the canvas.

If, as is sometimes the case, tiny bubbles have appeared in the paint, due to radical changes in temperature, the doctors carefully mark every one of these spots and, with a hypodermic syringe, inject a special kind of fish glue through the canvas, from the back, into the bubbles. This is a delicate operation, as one of the photographs on this page shows, and a few drops too much glue might ruin a great masterpiece.

The next step in the treatment is to turn the painting over, face up, and with a small electric iron, applied over thicknesses of paper, or cloth, press the bubbles flat without breaking the thin thickness of pigment. The condition of the paint has to be ascertained before the ironing is done. If it is dry and flaky the iron must not be hot enough to crack the material. If the paint is oily and has a certain amount of atmospheric moisture in it, the problem is not so difficult but the iron must be kept at exactly the right temperature so that the pigment will not melt.

From time to time, the museum buys old paintings, masterpieces that are a little the worse for wear and careless treatment. The canvas may be torn and the picture itself may be covered with dirt accumulated over a period of centuries.

The Metamorphosis of an Aged Painting. Solutions Are Applied to Bring Out Earlier Pictures Under the Last One. The Three Photographs Above Show the Work Before, During and After Treatment to Remove the Over-Painting. Sometimes This Is Done Without Chemicals, but the Process Requires Long, Arduous and Gentle Scraping.

Sometimes Atmospheric Conditions Cause Bubbles to Appear. These Are Removed, as the Photo Shows, by Injecting Glue Under the Bubbles With a Hypodermic Syringe Before the Ironing.

These "sick" pictures are put under the microscope, too, and sometimes they are subjected to X-ray examinations to find out the condition of their "insides." Cracks and slashes in the canvas are healed up so cleverly that no one can tell where the damage was repaired. Special solutions, containing no acids that might eat away paint or change its color are applied to the canvas to restore its original complexion and, once in a great while, a skilful artist may touch up the work of a great master. Most museums, the Vienna Museum of Historical Art included, prefer old paintings the way they are, even if they lack some of their original appearance, believing that it is better to display a masterpiece untouched by the hands of anyone else, however talented.

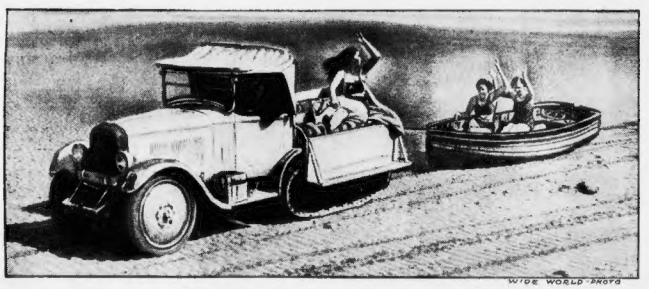
The X-Ray examinations of paintings now and then reveal strange and exciting things about a work of art's "insides." It often happens that one picture is painted over another on the same canvas and that the hidden subject may be more valuable and genuine than the visible one.

This was the case with the picture shown in the series of three photographs at the left. The picture at the extreme left shows the painting as it looked when it was purchased by the museum and when it was sent to the hospital for observation and examination. The X-Ray showed that the picture was what experts call an "over-painting," that it had been put on top of another portrait done on the same canvas. The picture doctors had to decide whether it was best to leave the picture as it was or whether the upper picture should be removed in the hope that the portrait underneath would be older and more valuable as a record of some master's skill with the brush.

They decided to go to the bottom of the matter and, after several months of delicate scraping and washing, removed every trace of the upper portrait to find a much younger subject in the attitude of prayer. In this case the experts in the hospital were correct in their judgment and the picture they brought to light was a much more valuable work of art than the one the officials of the museum thought they were buying.

Many paintings are painted on wood instead of canvas, and sometimes two pictures will be painted on both sides of a panel. In this case it was necessary to clamp the twin paintings in a vice and cut them apart with a specially constructed draw-saw.

Boating Sports Without Water



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A Boating Excursion on the Sands at Burgh Island, the English Holiday Resort. The Idea Proved Popular, and Now Regular Rides Are Offered Patrons of the Place.

MANY strange shenanigans are practiced in the name of sport, and it doesn't seem to matter whether they make sense so long as vacationers enjoy doing them. On the Island of Burgh, off the coast of Devonshire, England, holiday-makers have discovered a way to go boating without venturing near the water. The photograph above shows how the trick is done. A truck-tractor hooks onto a rowboat and speeds over the sand dunes. The natives haven't gone in for the sport but visitors from London, Manchester and other urban centers think it's great fun.

Twice a day they are taken for a ride in this manner—when it's time for lunch and for dinner. All morning and afternoon they disport themselves on the sand and in the sea and the tractor calls to take them back to the little hotel where they live. At first the merrymakers used to pile in the body of the tractor but, one day, the driver got the idea of letting them stay right in a boat in which they were rowing and he took boat and all right up to the hotel door. Now the sport of land-boating seems to be the order of the day.

This is not the beginning of land-lubber boating. For many years many European resorts have attracted guests by regattas in which land yachts compete with one another. These yachts actually are sailboats mounted on wheels. The wheels are fitted with small pneumatic tires much like the landing wheels on airplanes.

On the Riviera there are races in which as many as 50 of these terrestrial boats take part at a time and, in a high wind and over hard, smooth sand, they travel as fast as 35 and 40 miles an hour. Spills are frequent and more skill is required to handle the land boats than is demanded of a skipper afloat because of the high speed at which the wheeled craft roll over the ground.

Land yachting is the favorite sport among the members of the foreign colony in Abu-Sueir, Egypt. In that section of North Africa there are areas as smooth as a ballroom floor that extend for miles. Some of the earth-bound boats there have masts 30 feet high and a sufficient spread of canvas to speed them over the ground at 45 miles an hour in a high wind. The chassis on which such a boat is slung has two sets of rubber-tired wheels and the wheels are at the end of axles 15 and 20 feet long. With such a wide base it is almost impossible to upset the boats, but there are times when they skim over the sand with only two wheels in contact with the earth.

Within the past year or two the aquaplane also has been taken ashore and pressed into service by vacationists. Out on the Pacific Coast, where there are high sand dunes, aquaplanes, toboggans and skiis are used on the slippery sand.

An aquaplane sliding down a steep sand hill won't, of course, travel as fast as one towed in the water behind a speedboat, but if the hill is high enough and the slope sufficiently abrupt it is no trick at all to get one of the wooden platforms zooming over the sand at 30 miles an hour or better.

Beside such sport, being dragged over the sands of Devonshire in a rowboat must be tame and unexciting.

14-Carat Makeup for the Movies

JACK DAWN, a Hollywood beautician who practices his art on the faces of many a famous star of the stage and screen, has evolved a new kind of makeup with which he literally "gilds the lily" of feminine loveliness. This cosmetic, made by a secret process, combines tiny particles of 14-carat gold leaf with the proper oils and unguents and when it is applied to the face with a brush the result is "golden." The makeup photographs perfectly and looks good in natural or artificial light.

The comely young woman seen in the photographs below is being "gilded," although it would seem that she would attract attention anywhere even if she were not glorified by the skilful hand of the makeup artist. The photographs, of course, cannot show the deep bronze coloring, but they do show that the cosmetic subtly accentuates the features and enhances them with becoming highlights.

Mr. Dawn, it is reported, conceived the idea of his 14-carat makeup when he saw how popular sun-tan complexions are becoming these days. He can remember a time when no well-groomed woman thought it was smart to acquire a tan. That healthy look just wasn't "the thing" to go with smart evening clothes. Ivory complexions were the order of the day.

Nowadays most women go in for that dusky complexion that is best picked up out in the fresh air and sunshine and those who do not have the leisure to get it affect it by using deep shades of powder. Mr. Dawn has carried the idea a step further by putting modish makeup on the gold standard.

Gold-leaf Filings Mixed With Cosmetic Paste Are the Newest in Make-Up Styles in Hollywood. The Gold Is Said to Reflect Just the Proper Highlights.

After the Eyelashes Have Been Shaped, the Beauty Doctor Applies the Valuable 14-Carat Paste.

GLOBE PHOTOS

The Subject Photographed After the Process Was Complete. Note the Clarity of the Photograph and the Artistic Highlights Developed in the Portrait.

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At Last Science Watches the Vampire Bat at Work

The South American Vampire Bat, Which Lives on the Blood of Animals and Man, and Which Can Attack a Victim Without Arousing Him.

It Can Drink the Life-Blood of a Sleeping Person or Even a Wide-Awake Victim Without His Suspecting--- And Most of the Vampire Superstitions Are Strangely Close to the Truth

Enlarged Drawing of the Head of a Vampire Bat, Showing Its Incisor Teeth Used for Puncturing the Skin of Its Victims.

Photograph of a Group of Bats Hanging Upside Down, Which Is Their Customary Manner of Sleeping.

SCIENTISTS have at last succeeded in watching the vampire bat at work. They have verified the almost incredible stories that this weird creature of the night operates on its victim's flesh with razor-sharp teeth, so gently as not to disturb the lightest sleeper.

But it can do even better than that. The vampire bat has been seen to light as softly as a falling leaf on the back of a wide-awake goat and steal its life-blood so skilfully that the animal took no notice.

However, there is one mistake in the traditions and accounts. The vampire does not suck its victim's blood. After making the mysteriously painless incision the creature's long tongue licks up the blood with such lightning-like rapidity, that to the eye of an observer, a wavering, crimson ribbon seems to rise from the wound to the bat's mouth.

The reason for the present intensive study of this shyest and hardest of bats to catch and watch, is that it is believed to spread the germs of paralytic rabies, a disease that kills men and cattle in Central and South America.

Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, world's foremost authority on snakes, succeeded in bringing from Trinidad one live vampire bat and placed it in a cage at the reptile house of the New York Zoological Park. There it hung itself upside down by one foot in an upper corner of the cage and went into a deathlike trance.

This wickedest of bats is far from being the biggest or ugliest-looking. It is only three inches long with a wing-spread of thirteen inches. The villain looks quite respectable compared with the great tropical bats known as flying foxes which have a carnivorous, fox-like head, canine teeth, pricked-up ears, eyes that glow like fire and wings five feet from tip to tip. Yet the flying fox, which looks like the devil himself, never does anything worse than steal fruit.

Dr. Ditmars made no attempt to spy on his prisoner until it had grown accustomed to the new surroundings. The first problem was to get the murderess, for it was a lady bat, to eat without sacrificing living animals. Defibrinated blood, that is, blood from which the part that forms clots has been removed chemically, was obtained from a slaughter house and proved acceptable.

Each night a wine glass full of the blood was left near the bat and each morning it was found empty and the bat apparently full. Gradually the glass was moved further and further until it reached the centre of the cage and Dr. Ditmars thought he would sit up and watch. Twice the bat climbed down to the glass but gave the stranger a hard look and returned to her inverted roost without touching the meal. On the third night hunger overcame caution and Dr. Ditmars reports:

"The bat descended the side of the cage with her usual deliberation. Reaching the bottom, she started across the floor with wings so compactly held that they looked like slender forelimbs of a four-footed animal. Her rear limbs were directed downward. In this way her body was reared a full two inches from the floor. She looked like a big spider and her slow gait increased that effect. Her long thumbs were directed forward and outward, serving as feet. Anyone not knowing what she was would have been unlikely to suspect her of being a bat.

Showing How the Bat Walks on Its Four Legs With Body Well Elevated From the Ground.

"Bending over the dish, the bat darted her tongue into the sanguineous meal. Her lips were never near the blood. The tongue was relatively long. It moved at the rate of about four darts a second. At the instant of protrusion it was pinkish but once in action it functioned so perfectly that a pulsating ribbon of blood spanned the gap between the surface of the fluid and the creature's lips. In twenty minutes nothing remained but a red ring at the bottom of the dish. The bat's body was so distended that it appeared spherical. She backed off from the dish, appeared to squat, then leap, and her wings spread like a flash. She left the floor and in a flying movement too quick for the eye to follow hooked a hind claw overhead and hung, head down, in her usual position of rest. Gorged and inverted, she preened herself like a cat, stopping occasionally to peer out of the cage in the light of the single, shielded lamp to which she had become accustomed."

Having Approached the Bowl, It Sniffs the Blood.

On another occasion Dr. Ditmars and his associate, Arthur M. Greenhall, of the University of Michigan, watched a vampire bat named Tommy, feed on living prey at the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture in Trinidad, Venezuela. Tommy the bat had been placed in a cage with a goat. Mr. Greenhall writes:

"The bat stalked slowly down the screen and I noticed that the movement of the forearm in the stride was exceptionally slow, the wings folded tightly. From two to three minutes were required to traverse the distance from the original position to the sill. Upon arriving at the edge of the sill, the vampire hung from its hind feet and dangled over the edge into space. There, it remained for about two minutes. The goat was still standing in the same position. Suddenly and silently the vampire launched itself into the air and lightly landed on the middle portion of the goat's back. There was still no movement on the part of the goat. Tommy stalked to the shoulder and neck regions of the animal. After a minute or so of searching, the bat buried its head close to the skin of the goat. There were a few up and down motions of the bat's head. The goat then took a few steps forward and turned its head to the right and the left. The bat drew itself up but continued the nodding motions.

As the Bowl Is Emptied, the Bat's Stomach Fills Up.

Having Finished Its Meal, It Prepares to Leap Upward for Flight.

(Photographs by Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of Mammals and Reptiles, New York Zoological Society)

"The goat walked around the room rather rapidly, the vampire hanging on and thus riding its host. The goat passed by me, then stopped and I noticed that blood was exuding from a small wound and the bat was lapping it with a rapid darting of the tongue. The goat started to walk again and passed under a sort of table, a board of which brushed heavily against the animal's back. The goat was, in fact, obliged to slightly lower itself to pass under. The vampire quickly scuttled down the shoulder of the goat to avoid being brushed off. When the goat cleared the table the bat as quickly returned to the wound and continued lapping.

"We then forced the goat to go back under the table several times, the bat each time dextrously avoiding being hit by dodging down the shoulder. The movement was very agile and reminded me somewhat of the behavior of a crab.

"I then reached out my hand and succeeded in touching the vampire, which attempted to dodge. It did not, however, make any movement to fly. The goat by now was exceptionally restless and ran back and forth around the room. It was a timid animal and it was of us that it was afraid. When we left, the bat was still riding the goat."

Here was the spectacle of a wide-awake goat, paying less attention to a vampire bat attacking him than would a dog, bitten by an ordinary flea.

The mythical vampires, until the discovery of America, were supposed to emerge from their graves, not only in their human form, but as were-wolves, cats, dogs and all sorts of flying creatures besides bats. After the Spanish Conquistadors brought back blood-curdling yarns of the American vampire bat, the style of European vampires became almost exclusively the bat type as exemplified in Bram Stoker's novel Dracula, on which the motion picture play was based.

The most thrilling yarns of these nightmare creations of the imaginations are those in which the vampire returns from the grave in the form of a beautiful young man or woman and literally "vamps" some unsuspecting member of the opposite sex. Perhaps the earliest of these solemnly recorded cases is found in the Life of Apollonius of Tyana by Philostrates. One of Apollonius' pupils was Menippus, a Lycian youth of 25, so handsome that all the women pursued him.

Apollonius made no objection to these affairs until a strange woman, apparently very rich and more beautiful than any of the others was about to marry the young man. She told Menippus that she was a Phoenician woman and every night he met her in her home in a suburb of Corinth, surrounded by servants and a dazzling display of gold and other evidence of fabulous wealth. It did not seem strange to the love-smitten youth that just before dawn she always chased him home.

But Apollonius, being a great philosopher, knew everything, including that this lady must be a vampire or, as they called them, an empusa. Like a modern young man Menippus resented having his fiancee called hard names and besides she said she was not an empusa. Just in time the learned Apollonius broke in on them. Before his accusations the beautiful vampire quailed, the servants and gold vanished into thin air and in tears the lovely grave-cheater begged the philosopher not to make her confess the ugly truth.

It seems that when a vampire is stabbed, shot or even has a limb cut off, he manages to get back to the grave. There next day his body is identified by the wound and either burned or a stake driven through the heart. Both of these methods are guaranteed to put an end to a vampire's night life.

The mythological vampire in which most people of Central Europe still believe, was supposed to be a man or woman who had died and been buried but possessed the power to come to life after dark, emerge from the grave and be as active as any normal person, in fact more so, until dawn. They employed this time to stalk people in their sleep, bite holes in their neck and suck their blood so gently that the victims did not awake or suspect anything had happened until they awoke in the morning.

Before the first rays of sunrise the vampire knew he had to be back in his grave, where until the next sunset, he would be as thoroughly dead as anyone else in the cemetery. Unless the vampire found means to satisfy his thirst for blood at fairly frequent intervals, he would lose his powers of nocturnal resurrection and become permanently dead.

The ancients knew nothing of microbes, yet the vampire stories relate that his victim, especially if bitten several times, would himself die and become one of this uncanny class of half-time dead and half-time alive beings. Even in this the vampire fiction and the true facts of the real vampire bat's existence are curiously similar.

During the day, dead to the world, the bat hides in caverns, abandoned tombs or most any sort of hole in the ground. After dark it flits out on silent ghostly wings but it does not fly like a bird. One instant it is glimpsed against the sky, looking exactly like early paintings of demons on the wing, the next instant it has vanished into thin air, so miraculously as to do credit to a ghost or any of Satan's imps.

The most surprising similarity between myth and true fact in the habit of the vampire is that the disease, paralytic rabies, is now blamed to the bat's bite. The vampire bat's victim sometimes does fall into a condition half-alive and half-dead, like the victims of the human vampire.

The ancient Greeks and Romans saw plenty of bats but none with any man-eating habits lived in Europe, Asia or anywhere nearer than Central America. The Greeks, under Alexander the Great, penetrated as far East as India where it would be hard enough to imagine they had met anyone who had ever heard from anyone who by some miraculous storm, had been blown almost half-way across the world from Central America. Yet the vampire myth was well established centuries before Alexander. How did these ideas come to them?

Curious Snout of the Tube-Nosed Fruit Bat.

Strange Head and Countenance of the Chin-Leafed Bat.

Grinning Face of the Indian False Vampire.

Curious Countenance of the Hammerhead Bat.

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Ham And Eggs On Coffin Tables, All Very Gay

AN ICY DRAFT blew through the dank and clammy dungeon; it whistled with an eerie, blood-congealing sound; the dim greenish light of supernatural hue was not unlike the color of mould that is sometimes phosphorescent on the slimy inner walls of an ancient tomb. A laughing girl, in a costly evening gown that consisted of little more than shoulder straps for a bodice, lifted high a glass of bubbling champagne.

The girl was seated on a black coffin and the table before her was another coffin. Several grinning human skulls swayed and clattered together in the icy draft, directly above the girl.

"Here!" cried the beautiful girl, drinking a toast to the skulls swinging above her pretty head. "Here's a rattling good time to all of you old boneheads!"

Brass-handled black coffins were all about. Graves could be seen, and gravestones, and other graves opened by ghouls. Dust-fronded cobwebs swayed in every corner, skeletons shivered and rattled the length of their bones; here and there a bat swayed and fluttered. Amid all of these uncanny sights came the gay laughter of young men and women, the popping of corks, the gurgle of champagne, and now and then in a shrill, nerve-tense cry, the toast:

"Here's to jolly old Death!"

What is this? A description of a painting of Purgatory by Gustave Dore?

Not at all. This is reality, and it is to be found any night within a stone's throw of the bright lights of London's Piccadilly!

They call it "The Morgue." Provincials seeing London, tourists from America, dwellers in Mayfair, unknowns, and prominent ones listed in Burke's Peerage, all rub elbows here, two flights down below the sidewalk.

After a night at a show, at a music hall, or of dancing, it is quite the thing to go to The Morgue and breakfast gaily, seated on a low coffin while your food is being served from another coffin resting on its spindle-legged bier. For the most part they have what the Londoners call "Bottle Parties" down there in The Morgue. Arrangements are made in advance, liquor is ordered by the bottle, as a minimum amount, and from that to a magnum or more.

One is always sure of finding at least two score people there almost every morning at four or five, breakfasting

"Here," Cried the Girl, Drinking a Toast to the Swinging Skulls, "Here's a rattling good time to all you boneheads." It Was a Typical Scene in the Chill, Eerie Rendezvous, Which Has Fascinated the Nocturnal Element of London.

from coffins, and the favorite breakfast there is like the favorite last meal of the man condemned to die—ham and eggs! Nothing delights a Londoner more than to take his American friend down to The Morgue. The Londoner is careful not to mention the name of the place. After an evening out, the Londoner will stop at a brightly lighted place just off Piccadilly.

"We'll have a bit of a drink in Seventh Heaven," he says, "if you don't mind, Old Thing."

The average American doesn't mind a bit of a drink at almost any time and in almost any place. And he is accustomed to having his British friends call him "Old Thing."

It is a brightly lighted, large room, called the Seventh Heaven. It opens directly from the sidewalk. The place is cheerfully and tastefully decorated. There is an excellent orchestra that supplies dance music. Many dance there every night.

Over in a corner near the orchestra is a doorway. There seems to be a dim, greenish light there. At intervals people disappear through this place, or else appear. The Londoner has a drink with his American friend, or friends—he is all the more keen for this lark if there are some jolly young American girls along—and then he says, "Let's drop down to the Morgue, eh, what say?"

He leads the way. Down the first flight of dimly lighted stairs, then the second short flight of stone steps, and the light here is more sickly green while a chill wind seems to be blowing steadily. It does blow steadily, and it is chill, because it is an artificial wind, artificially chilled.

Then they step into The Morgue.

Even the veteran traveler is likely to draw back and gasp at the sight that greets his eyes down there in The Morgue. It is difficult to pick out the most gruesome object at once, for it is all gruesome.

Whole skeletons—human skeletons—dangle here and there. From the grimy black ceiling are festooned many human skulls and other human bones, that sway and rattle in the artificial icy draft. All about are the "Tables"—great black coffins, on the folding pedestals. At either side of them are other coffins, resting on the cold stone floor. These are the seats.

Wall "decorations" also were built on with plaster, showing graves and tombstones, and some of the paintings depicting ghouls lifting coffins from open graves. Some of the modern art decorating the walls is exceptionally good. The perspectives seem intensified by the dim green light. There are ruined churches, and graveyards ancient and crumbling with headstones askew, this way and that. Now and then, in a far corner of the dungeon-like room, is a life-like painting of a ghost up from his grave and sitting on his headstone. Luminous paint seems to make the ghost glow from the depths of the skull through the eye orifices.

The center of the floor is not of rough stone blocks, but of some polished composition, making an excellent place for dancing. The music is from the orchestra, playing above in the "Seventh Heaven" and is brought down to the eerie rendezvous by amplifiers.

Too Tough Even For The Foreign Legion

THEY tame murderers, bandits, fugitives from all corners of the globe in The Famous French Foreign Legion—but Legionnaire James Edward Hopkins, of London, beat them at their own game. He tamed the Legion. They discharged him as "Impossible to control by the Active Army."

For four years they tried to break his spirit—and the terrible punishments of the Legion drive men mad—but Hopkins only laughed. Now the man who was too tough for the toughest army in the world has returned to London.

"Yet," he said in telling his experiences with a smile, "I'm not really tough. But I would die for justice. And they didn't give me justice in the Legion."

Hopkins, short, slim and twenty-five, his face tanned by the burning desert sun, is penniless in a London lodging house, but confident he will yet win through.

"I joined the Legion for adventure," he said. "As a boy I was always thrilled by stories of the exploits of legionnaires, and, twenty-one and full of enthusiasm, I joined up and was sent to Sidi-Ben-Abbes. I was determined to become a good soldier, and the hard training and rigid discipline of the barrack square did not dismay me.

"My first year was creditable. I passed all the examinations and was actually on the list for promotion to corporal when an incident occurred that was to begin three years of hell. I was left in temporary charge of the guard room, but as I was not the senior soldier there I was too shy to enforce my authority.

"Then the Colonel came into the barracks accompanied by his staff. Of course, the guard should have turned out, but I did not think it was my duty to order them out. The Colonel, however, thought differently. I was court-martialled and sentenced to a month's imprisonment for neglect of duty.

Like Many Another Offender, Hopkins Was Shown Three Roads—One Led, They Said, to Thirst; the Other to Starvation; and the Third to Freedom. Prisoners Must Guess Which. But It Was All a Bluff, Hopkins Says. Freedom Was Impossible.

"This almost broke my heart. To be punished so severely after I had tried so hard to make good! That month in the cells changed me into a bitter and resentful outlaw. I became insolent. I laughed at their threats to break me.

"'Go on,' I snarled. 'Do what the hell you like!'

"'Perhaps,' Hopkins went on, 'you think I was foolish, but you have no idea what a Legion prison is like. Let me describe it for you. I marched there expecting the worst, but even then I was shocked. The sleeping quarters were terrible and the men are treated like pigs.

"After scrambling out of bed we had to dash to the parade ground, where we were given seven minutes to wash at a pump. Then we dashed back to parade, where, if our cleanliness did not satisfy the sergeants, we were called all sorts of filthy names. I used to be last on parade. I was struck, and immediately I hit back. For that I was knocked out.

"The cook-corporal would put the food for breakfast in the middle of a circle formed by marching prisoners. Then he would ask the guard if 'the pigs had eaten today.'

"The guard would reply, 'No, my corporal.'

"'Did the pigs eat yesterday?'

"'A little, my corporal.'

"Upon which the cook would pretend to be in a rage, and would kick the food out of the utensils. The prisoners then had to scramble to get what they could to eat—and the devil take the hindmost."

If a prisoner became too rebellious he would be led out to the fringe of the desert, Hopkins explained. He would be told to take one of three alternative routes. One led to the desert, where the prisoner would die of thirst; one to a cemetery, where he would die of starvation, and one, according to the legend, led to freedom.

"Men who are given this punishment generally end by going mad," he continued. "I just sat down and told the guard that I would take none of the roads. Of course the whole thing was a bluff—there was no chance of freedom.

"After leaving prison I was made a guard on a boat taking civil prisoners to Devil's Island, the French penal settlement. The conditions in the boats are terrible. Most of the guards in the boats are German, and I don't like the Germans, at least the Foreign Legion variety.

"During one of the voyages a German petty officer disliked me intensely. He bullied me and threatened me with death if I refused to obey him. I laughed at his threats and did my best to be awkward.

"One day he levelled a revolver at me. 'I will kill you, you dog,' he cried. As I didn't want to die, I shot him in the legs.

"At my trial they tried to establish a motive. But I proved it was done in self-defense, thus saving myself at least five, and possibly twenty years' imprisonment.

"Later I was imprisoned for ten months for striking an officer. I didn't leave the prison until after I served 17 months. This was because of my fierce revolt against inhuman treatment.

"Most of the rest of my service I was in the thick of battles. In all, I've fought in seventeen. Once I got a bullet through the foot. All the time I was fighting I was more or less under open arrest, and when the battles were over I had to do all the dirty work. But they didn't break me. In the end I won. They gave me up. I was too tough for the Legion, they said."

Many dramas have been written about just such experiences in the Foreign Legion as James Edward Hopkins encountered. Most of them have been based on just such a story as his. One in particular, which became a successful motion picture, revealed the principal as a young man of good family who had refused to allow the discipline of the Legion to bend him to the will of his superiors. In defiance of them, he had tattooed on his chest an insulting legend in French, and on occasions when he was brought out for chastisement, he would simply open his shirt and let the silent insult sink in.

Two young members of the Legion recently committed suicide. One came from Belgium, the other from Rumania. Both had been exchanging romantic letters with the same girl, but neither knew of the other's correspondence. Their enmity over discovery of this, however unreasonable, for neither ever had seen the girl, fired such hatred that each defied discipline to wreak vengeance on the other, with the result that both were penalized to the breaking point, and ended their lives a few days apart.

The only approach, it is said, to the hardships of this military group of self-exiles is the hard-boiled existence of prisoners in the penal colony—known as Devil's Island.

Still A Romantic "Youth" At Age Of 95

THE north country has it Lochinvars as well as the West, and Francois Xavier Laderoute, 95-year-old Canadian rancher living in the Yukon, has proved that romance is by no means confined to the young and dashing. Gold rush veteran, woodsman and rancher, Laderoute has led an adventurous and romantic life and insists that his days of romance are not yet over.

In December last year Laderoute came down from the frozen north to Vancouver, his second visit to civilization in the past 37 years. During his visit he met Mrs. Katherine Smitners, 70-year-old widow, from St. Paul, Minnesota. And with both of them it was a case of love at first sight. In May the couple were married, the 95-year-old bridegroom and his 70-year-old bride heading for the Yukon to begin a new life in the new country.

For a young man a three-month courtship ending in marriage would be considered short, but for Laderoute it was no record. For him it was his third plunge into matrimony, taken with confidence since his two previous marriages had been entirely successful. His third marriage, Laderoute thinks, will be equally happy, most likely.

More than seventy years ago Mr. Laderoute was married for the first time. A young man, he was then living in Ottawa, the capital of Canada, engaged in office work which he found dull and uninteresting. A romantic youth, he visited a Gypsy fortune teller, to find out what was in store for him. After reading his palm, she gave him a piece of calico cloth. "Find a girl wearing a dress of that calico material," she said, "and she will be your wife. And together you will live happily and have many children."

Laderoute took the calico and a few weeks later he discovered a girl in Ottawa wearing a dress of the same material. He managed to secure an introduction to her and three days after they met they were married. For the wedding, the bridegroom bought for his bride, a wedding dress of the same calico, a dress which he still has today.

Following this romantic episode, Laderoute and his wife continued to live in Ottawa where they raised a family of eight children. All of them are still alive today, the oldest, 70 years old, residing in Ottawa. But soon after the birth of the eighth child, Mrs. Laderoute died.

In connection with his second marriage, Laderoute can recall little that was out of the ordinary. His courtship was brief and again it was a case of love at first sight. Together the couple lived in Ottawa until 1898, when Laderoute had the gold fever and joined the rush to the Yukon. Over fifty years of age at that time, he said he felt as young as any man of twenty and was still looking for adventure.

In the Yukon Laderoute's second wife died. Gold did not long attract him and the life of a prospector seemed dull. For a few years he worked as a woodsman and finally purchased a ranch at Kirkman Creek, 150 miles by river from Dawson. He continued as a rancher until last December, then decided that he was no longer young and would live the rest of his life in quiet and comfort. He accordingly sold his ranch and left for Vancouver.

City life, however, does not appeal to Laderoute. Both Vancouver and Victoria he found unbearably dull and he was about to return to the north again when he met Mrs. Smitners, who was on her way to Honolulu. Three times he saw her in December; then, as she was about to sail, he proposed. His proposal was accepted and Mrs. Smitners agreed to marry him as soon as she returned from her trip. In May the couple were married in White Horse and together they started north to start life all over again.

Although nearing the century mark Laderoute has the appearance and vigor of a man in his sixties. He is by no means through working, he says, nor is he through with romance and adventure. Ahead of him are many years of living. His 70-year-old bride shares his youthful spirit and is looking forward to life in a new and strange country. The Laderoute "children," ranging in ages between 58 and 70, are delighted because their father has found another companion and are confident the two will live happily together.

Slew Sister, Brother, Same Way Pigs Were Killed

"WILL you have some more potatoes, Marjorie?" Mrs. Richard Thompson asked her nineteen-year-old daughter, as the family sat at supper.

"Right between the eyes!" Marjorie answered.

The girl's young brother and sister started to giggle, but a frown from their father, and they lapsed into silence.

"Right——er——what? I asked if you would have some potatoes," her mother repeated.

"Right between the eyes," Marjorie repeated.

She sat quite still and continued to stare at her plate. Her father looked at her mother.

"Never mind," he said.

Mrs. Thompson understood, from that, that her husband knew the reason for their daughter's strange words, and made no further attempt to give Marjorie food, or to engage her in conversation. A little later Thompson got his wife aside.

"There is nothing to worry about," he said, "Jim and I were slaughtering pigs out back of the barn today and she watched us. We shot them right between the eyes, as we always do, and Marjorie was there, sitting on the fence, watching us. She didn't say a word to us."

"I see. I couldn't make out what she meant."

Mrs. Thompson sighed. It was one of the unhappy crosses of her life, that her oldest child, this Marjorie, was noticeably different from normal girls of her age. It wasn't that the girl was stupid or erratic or noticeably cross or inane. She was moody.

One day was almost exactly like every other day in the life of Marjorie Thompson, in her farm home in the outskirts of Wooler, Ontario. Day after day, there was nothing new. Her father and her brother worked about the farm. The younger brother and sister went to school.

Then came the day when she heard a shot out back of the barn. She went out. There were half a dozen pigs to be slaughtered. The Thompsons never did like the old-fashioned method of butchering pigs. They always shot them between the eyes.

Marjorie sat on the fence and watched them. They had been living animals. Then there would be the sound of the rifle shot and the live animal would topple over—dead. There would be the little hole between the eyes.

That night Mrs. Thompson said, "Time to go up to bed, Marjorie."

The Elder Brother Rushed to Marjorie's Bedroom to Find Her Holding the Rifle. Her Little Brother and Sister Lay Dead on Their Beds, Each Shot Between the Eyes, Just as the Pigs Had Been Killed Earlier in the Day.

"Right between the eyes," Marjorie said, and went up to her bedroom at the top of the house.

The little brother and sister were already asleep. Sometime in the night Marjorie Thompson came softly downstairs, went to the closet, got out the repeating rifle that her father had used for killing the pigs, went back up to the room where her young sister and brother lay sleeping.

There is no question but what she took careful aim, only a few feet distance away, and fired. Whether it was her young brother or her young sister who was killed first couldn't be told, their deaths were so near together.

One was shot between the eyes. Then the other was shot between the eyes. It was done so quickly that the big brother, awakened by the sound of the first shot, couldn't get into the room before the second shot was fired.

He saw his sister Marjorie standing over the bed with the rifle in her hands. He made a leap for her. She turned. Whether she intended to shoot him between the eyes, or not to shoot at all, no one knows, for after a bit of a struggle and her brother's frightened shouts to "Let go that gun!" Marjorie gave up the gun and sat down, folding her hands in her lap.

Her awakened father and mother came rushing up, then.

"Right between the eyes," Marjorie said, without the least show of emotion.

They took her downstairs. A glance showed that the little brother and sister had been killed instantly, just as the pigs had been killed that afternoon, with a bullet between the eyes! The Provincial police came before daybreak and took Marjorie to the Brighton jail, charged with the murder of her young brother and sister. Marjorie said nothing at all. No questions disturbed her. She neither denied nor admitted the killing. She refused to talk at all.

"Right between the eyes" were the last words the girl said for a great many days.

There was nothing for the prosecution to do but charge a wilful double murder against Marjorie Thompson.

The defense admitted the shooting, without a quibble. Three medical experts were called in. Doctor J. S. Stewart of the Ontario Hospital of Toronto, an acknowledged authority on mental disorders, was one. With him were Doctor Senn of the hospital at Whitby and Dr. C. H. Lewis of the Ontario Hospital at Kingston.

Slaughtering the pigs by shooting them between the eyes, these doctors maintained, had been indirectly responsible for the murders. Back of this was the actual cause—that day had been a different day in the life of Marjorie Thompson. All she could think of was how those animals dropped dead when shot right between the eyes.

"The power of suggestion on an extremely weak-minded girl" was the way this was described for the lay mind. There were many technical names for it.

Marjorie Thompson was placed in an institution.

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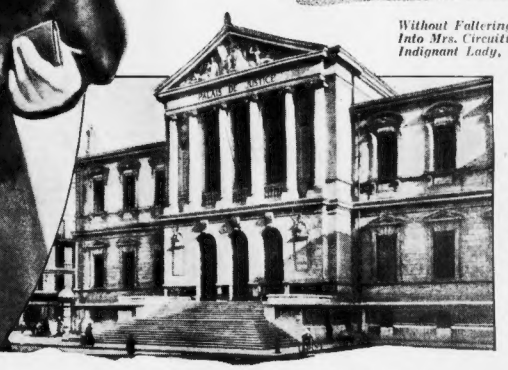
Peculiar Robberies on the Once Gay Riviera

Aristocratic Mrs. Circuitt Walks Away With Her Rich Friend's Vanity Case; the Begum Raschid Saves Her Jewels By Slaps and Shrieks But Gets Kicked On the Royal Shins; the Palace of Justice at Nice Looted of Gems and Gold

Maria Bassi, Shoplifter, Who Masqueraded as the "Countess of San Germano."

Mrs. "Johnnie" Circuitt, Wife of a Rich Englishman and Well-known Figure on the Riviera, Who Was Convicted of Stealing a Friend's Expensive Vanity Case.

Without Faltering, the Police Commissary Strode Into Mrs. Circuitt's Bathroom and Confronted the Indignant Lady, Clad Only in a Kimono, At the Edge of the Tub. As She Shrank Back, Mrs. Lawrence's Missing Vanity Case Dropped from Her Sleeve. One Month in Jail Was Her Sentence—But the Gallant Judge Suspended It.



The Palace of Justice at Nice, From Which Daring Burglars Stole 2,000,000 Francs in Jewels and Gold.

CANNES, July 29.

THINGS are livelier than ever in the once "gay Riviera"—but in a way that makes the police far from gay.

The gigolos, professional consolers of rich women with inattentive husbands, the courtesans, with eyes aflame seeking to make other husbands inattentive, titled adventurers of both sexes, with noble rackets to promote, drug addicts and all the assortments of well-dressed parasites who infest places where spendthrifts throw money away, are still there.

But for some time the last fool and his money seem to have parted and, like fish in a stream that is going dry these creatures are doing desperate acts which keep the nerves of the police on edge. So nervous was the once punctiliously-polite Police Commissary M. Lombard, of Cannes, the other night that he actually burst into the bathroom of the wealthy and pretty Mrs. Maureen Circuitt to arrest her, even though she might be all wet in her tub.

In better days, such uncouth and direct action would have been unthinkable. Then the gallant M. Lombard would have left his stick and silk hat in the hall and sent in only his card to Madame while he waited respectfully in her reception room an hour or two, until the lady had painted, powdered, sent for her hair-dresser and generally beautified herself for the important social event of explaining to the Commissary why she could not possibly have stolen the $2,500 vanity case of her dear friend, Mrs. Muriel Lawrence, of New York, which somehow had disappeared in the ladies' retiring room of the expensive and fashionable "Chez Brummel" night club.

When at last that English society woman swept into his presence, glittering with jewels, he would have risen, kissed her hand and rattled off the customary, flattering patter before mentioning his distasteful errand. Mrs. Circuitt would then have produced documentary proof that her rich husband in London, whom she rarely sees, keeps her so lavishly supplied with money that stealing would be preposterous. In fact, that very thing happened some time ago at Le Touquet when a robbery charge was filed against her by the daughter of the late Senator Dunsmuir of Victoria, British Columbia.

M. Lombard, being as logical as he used to be polite, would have been forced to agree, like the Le Touquet Chief of Police. He would have apologized, Mrs. Circuitt would have served cocktails and they would have parted the best of friends. But alas, the Commissary behaved in the following brusque and shocking manner.

Going straight to her luxurious apartment in the most expensive hotel of Cannes, M. Lombard, unannounced, knocked on the door, as if he were one of the hotel servants. When Mrs. Circuitt's maid opened the door, the Commissary crashed right in.

"Mon Dieu! What is this which is that?" exclaimed the maid, in French.

"It is that I must see Mrs. Circuitt at once. Where is she?" he replied.

"Madame is in the bath where she is not to be seen," gasped the scandalized maid. "Monsieur will betake himself downstairs and wait."

The Monsieur did nothing of the kind. Making straight for the bathroom door, he knocked on it hard. It flew open, and Mrs. Circuitt, a vision of righteous indignation, clad only in a kimono, stood beside the tub.

"How dare you intrude here?" she said.

But the Commissary did not falter. "Where is the vanity case of Mrs. Lawrence?" he demanded, advancing upon her with outstretched hands.

Mrs. Circuitt shrank away violently and something shiny flew out of the cuff of her kimono sleeve and fell clattering to the tile floor. It was Mrs. Lawrence's vanity case.

She explained, though, that it was all a dreadful mistake. The members of her party, which included Lady Orr-Lewis of London, the Prince of the Asturias (son of ex-King Alfonso), the Rajah of Mysore and Mrs. E. W. Gudwill (the former Mary McClure, of New York), had become so exhilarated by excellent wine, that it was quite possible she had picked up her friend's expensive trinket by mistake, she explained.

"Anything is possible," agreed M. Lombard, but he searched the apartment and found a coffer containing 1,000,000 francs' worth of jewels, including a $2,000 brooch which had recently been "lost" by Mrs. Scott Collingham, who was staying at that same hotel.

"Mrs. Collingham is an intimate friend. She left her brooch by accident in my room. I was going to send it back to her," explained Mrs. Circuitt.

But she was locked up at Grasse for trial. She was rapidly tried and given a month's sentence, but the judge, still polite, suspended the sentence.

Nobody can tell why she should have behaved so, because she is said to receive a large income from her husband, from whom she is separated.

But perhaps it is only another example of the demoralization that has befallen the denizens of the Riviera since these queer fish no longer swim in the ocean of easy money that once flooded the place.

So great is the contempt for justice on the Riviera that daring thieves, familiar with all the doings and delights of the locality, broke into the Palais de Justice, the chief law court of Nice, and carried away over 2,000,000 francs in cash, gold and gems.

The robbers, who evidently knew every corner of the courthouse, broke into the attic at night, and when everything was quiet made a hole through the ceiling into the office below of M. Hancy, register of the court, who has charge of all money or valuables seized during litigation or criminal proceedings. This office was supposed to be defended with unbeatable devices. In the great safe here was stored, among other treasures, an uncertain number of gold bars, which had recently been stolen from the banking house of Martini & Co. and recovered. The perfectly trained thieves knew just where the gold was, blew the safe open quietly, and walked away with the treasure quickly and successfully.

Among the few habitues of the Riviera who still have money are the Hindu Princes and their wives and favorites. Several events have happened to make these exotic potentates feel that the Riviera is not the sweet-scented region they thought it was. The other night at Cannes, the Begum Raschid, a very great and wealthy Hindu Princess, left the Palm Beach Casino and started to walk along the moonlit Croisette Esplanade in the direction of her hotel.

Suddenly a car stopped beside her and one of its occupants, a nimble, perfectly dressed young man, leaped out and tried to snatch her pearl necklace and handbag, the latter stuffed with several hundred thousand francs she had won at the gaming tables. He was thoroughly posted on social affairs and knew the right people.

The Princess proved that the reports of Hindu women's weakness and submissiveness are erroneous. Although the Princess has millions she had no intention of losing her jewels or night's winnings without a struggle and proceeded to smack the face of her aggressor soundly, all the while crying for help at the top of her voice. A doorman from the Hotel Miramar came running to her rescue. The thief, evidently a gigolo and society crook furious at being foiled, kicked the fair and royal Begum in the shins, knocked her in the gutter, jumped in his car and sped away. The Princess kept her jewels and banknotes, but was temporarily laid up by her injuries.

Hardly a day passes on the Riviera without some mysterious body being cast up on its romantic shore. The corpse that caused more speculation than any other this year was that of Arthur Guillaume which was washed ashore near the Boulevard du Midi during the merry carnival. The legs were tightly bound with a window curtain cord and there were bullet wounds in the back of the head, showing Guillaume had been murdered. In the dead man's pockets were a Credit Lyonnais check and a number of visiting cards of distinguished people, including those of Prince Dominic Radziwill of Poland, Mr. Teasuburo Kuga, the Japanese delegate to the International Chamber of Commerce and Nicholas Tichmeneff, an important Soviet diplomat in Paris.

There was also an invitation card in the name of Princess Juliana, the heir to the throne of Holland, and two wedding cards announcing the marriage of Guillaume with the daughter of Count and Countess Prohojowski. Great excitement was aroused by the discovery. Was Guillaume a spy, his death an act of vengeance?

It turned out that Guillaume was only an unemployed butler who, while serving the rich, had made a collection of visiting cards and letters from celebrated guests of his employers. Armed with the cards and the letters, slightly altered, he had been strutting about, posing as a nobleman and stealing the hearts and savings of shop-girls and housemaids, thrilled to have such a highborn lover. There were abundant reasons why somebody might have wished to remove him from this world but who performed that service has not been found out.

Senorita Begona de Gareaga, a beautiful young lady of 23 belonging to the highest Spanish aristocracy and living in a castle at Las Serenas, near Bilbao, Spain, retained an apartment in the most fashionable hotel at Juan-les-Pins. She wished to see some of the gayety of Riviera life as a change from the severity of her ancestral halls.

She was soon treated to a little unexpected Riviera excitement. She brought her own car and was accompanied by her chauffeur and maid. Having spent the evening visiting St. Tropez and other lively resorts she opened her lovely eyes and stretched her limbs at 11 o'clock in the morning. When her maid came to dress her for the day she discovered to her great shock that a jewel thief had made a tremendous haul in the apartment. Two necklaces containing 300 pearls each, two diamond pendants, mounted on gold, a gold wedding ring, five gold rings with diamonds and sapphires, an emerald and diamond pendant, a beautiful coral rosary with six medallions of the Blessed Virgin were missing, not to mention many thousands of francs in cash.

The lovely Senorita had chatted too much on the way and someone had used the information to her sorrow.

The robbers have no respect even for local officials. At No. 37 Rue Felix Faure, the apartment of Mme. Albert Tourel, widow of a former Municipal Councilor of Cannes, was ransacked and 100,000 francs worth of emeralds and sapphires stolen.

The merchants of Nice, Cimiez and Beausoleil were cheated out of thousands of francs by the bogus Count Alexandrov and his pretty companion, Maria Bassi, usually known as the Countess of San Germano. The pair arrived on the Riviera by the famous "Blue Train" used by all millionaires, and lived in great style at the Grand Hotel Cimiez, and then at the Cap-Ferrat, where they occupied the Villa Velleda. Alexandrov told his society friends that he was a grandson of the late Czar Alexander III. He was really an ex-dishwasher, while Maria Bassi, "Countess of San Germano," was a convicted shoplifter and former dancer in a Montmartre dive.

Maria vamped an elderly French financier, M. Chanove, owner of racing stables at Le Touquet and of splendid villas at Nice and Cannes, and extorted 4,500,000 francs from him.

M. Aulton, a rich Monte Carlo furniture dealer, was relieved of 200,000 francs by the couple, and many others suffered similarly. They were finally arrested at Florence, where the woman received a prison sentence of four and one-half years and a fine of six thousand lire, while Alexandrov was fined for falsely representing himself as a Count, and ordered out of Italy.

Burglaries in the luxurious villas of the Riviera are everyday occurrences. The detectives recently laid their hands on three daring thieves named Dallego, Blin and Palleirec, charged with robbing the Corniche villa of M. Zenenski-Thaon, a wealthy motion picture director. Such crimes as this are lacking in distinction, but they show that something interesting is happening on the "gay Riviera" almost every minute.

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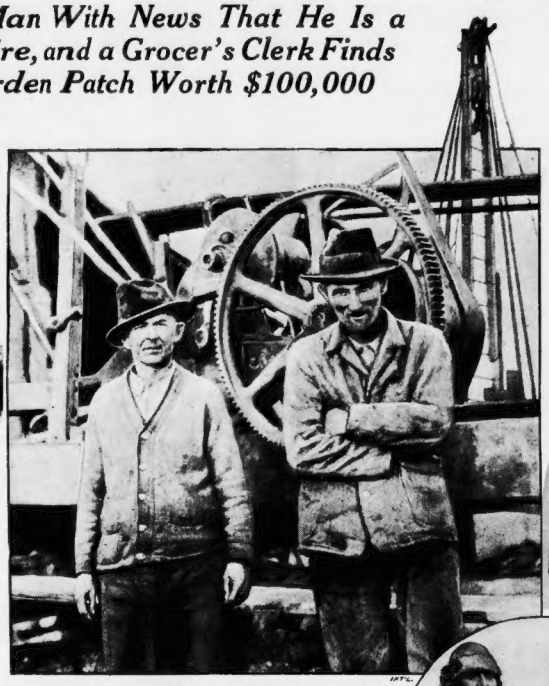
Queer Freaks of Fortune in the Oil Fields

Two Penniless Inmates Tap a 30-Barrel Well in the Poorhouse Back Yard; a Man Trades a Scotty Pup for Oil Well Rights Worth a Fortune; a Night Phone Call Startles a Poor Man With News That He Is a Millionaire, and a Grocer's Clerk Finds His Garden Patch Worth $100,000

It Was Through the Swap of a $35 Scotty Pup That Oil Rights Were Secured Which Are Counted Worth a Fortune—and the Owner of the Pup Hated to Part With It.



These Penniless Inmates of An Ohio Poorhouse Struck Oil in the Back Yard of the Institution and Are Now Stockholders in the Oddly Named Pauper Oil Company Which Operates the Well.

Mary Elkins, Who Died From the Effects of Wild Living Following Her Sudden Rise to Riches in Oil. She Was Worth Millions, and When Her Estate Was Settled $800,000 Was Still to Her Credit in the Banks.

GETTING rich overnight is just a commonplace phrase, but what shall we say of the odd freaks of fortune in the oil fields which make nothing minus become millions plus between twilight and sun-up? What shall we say when we hear of a man trading a pup for what turns out to be a small fortune, or of a sailor of Uncle Sam's Navy, home on a furlough, who suddenly finds himself with an income which would make the pay of an admiral look petty in comparison; or of two feeble old people who are becoming rich enough to buy the entire county poor farm and not miss the money; or of a kindly old couple, one anxious for the other to have a new dress and the good wife wondering how papa can manage to get a new suit, who find their daily income so big that they count it by thousands of dollars?

Amazing happenings in the oil fields—fantasies becoming facts; dreams becoming realities; poverty vanishing and opulence taking its place, all in the freakiest sort of ways.

Consider how the oddly-named Pauper Oil Company came into existence.

Old, bent and gray, out of work and desperately down on his luck, J. W. Yerian applied for admission to the Washington County, Ohio, poor farm. It was the end of the road for him—not a streak of silver clouds anywhere in sight.

For two years he moped about, doing an occasional task with a sigh of resignation. Then it happened that another old fellow, a friend of Yerian's of other days, and like himself tired of the struggle, wound up at the county farm. He was John Hupp. Years before, these old men had been laborers, working at times in the oil fields. The Mitchell field, which has produced more than a million dollars in oil, was not far away. The two old men began thinking in terms of gasoline—might it be possible that there was oil right there on the county farm?

They discussed the matter with the superintendent, L. A. Hall, and he good-naturedly suggested that they go ahead and find out. That spurred them.

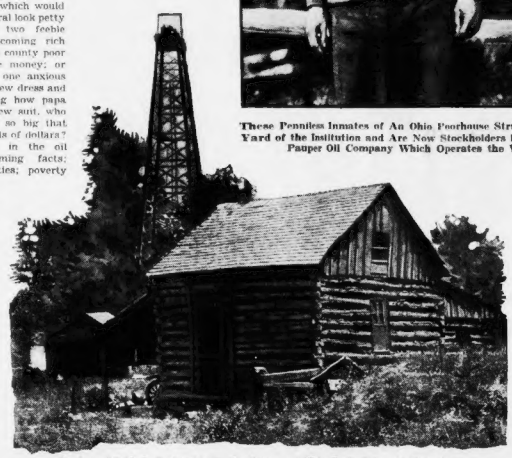
Thomas Maxon, who lived near-by, loaned the old fellows an ancient drilling outfit, and they went to work. The other inmates gave them the laugh. The farm managers just let them putter along, saying it kept them busy and didn't do any harm.

One day Yerian and Hupp, breathless and excited, came stumbling into the farm office yelling like a pair of Commanche braves about to take the warpath.

"Oil!" they cried in chorus. "We've struck it." And back they ran, followed by every inmate with a pair of legs to carry him.

Oil, sure enough, and in the poor-farm back yard. It was seeping to the surface around the drill. A hurry call brought glycerine and a charge was "shot." Oil began to gush, rich, black oil, which kept coming at the rate of thirty barrels a day.

The Washington County authorities called a meeting at which Yerian and Hupp had the seats of honor. A corporation was formed and given the odd but appropriate legal name of the Pauper Oil Company. In the allotment of the shares the stock was divided into thirty-seconds. Yerian and Hupp got eight of them, and before the meeting adjourned they had been offered $5,000 apiece for their shares. Wise *old men in* oil matters, they politely *declined* to consider any offer. Whether *their holdings* will ultimately have a value of hundreds of thousands, no one except Nature's chemist, deep-hidden under the poor-farm, may say.



Luck in Oil Made It Possible for the Owner of This Rude Cabin to Move to a Fashionable Estate. He Recently Refused $100,000 for His Remaining Ten Acres.

Voicing a rare philosophy, Yerian and Hupp agreed that while money is one thing, it doesn't mean much without happiness and contentment.

"We're on easy street," said Hupp, speaking for himself and his partner, "and we'll spend the rest of our days together right here at the end of the road where we have made our home."

It was a friendly little Scotty pup which opened the way for a Wichita, Kansas, man to get into oil in a most prosperous way. The man knew something about oil and a lot about dogs. Oil and dog hail never before seemed to bear very close relations.

One day he heard of a small piece of property near the city upon which it might be possible to secure royalty rights. He went after it. He didn't have any considerable amount of ready cash, but he did have the Scotty pup. What would the owner of the royalty rights say to a trade?

Now it just happened that the man with the rights was a lover of dogs and keenly interested in animals of the Scotty breed. A trade looked good to him, particularly as the pup had a pedigree. On a valuation basis of $35 the animal became the property of the man with the royalty rights and the other got the document.

A wildcat well was drilled in the rich oil-bearings sands. It came through with a $10,000 rush. Now the Wichita man is wondering how many pups of a new litter, if swapped in the right way, it would take to produce a million in oil.

An elderly couple had managed in the course of a long married life to acquire two pieces of fair farm land and of the kind that had been called "your guess" value for oil. When the couple agreed to lease the property they were doubtful of the result. Within a 24-hour period after a well had been drilled their doubts had been expelled. They became so rich that their daily income was soon in excess of $6,000.

Neighbors called to congratulate the old couple, anxious to hear what they intended to do with their wealth.

"Well," said the wife, "we have bought a little car, and I've got a new dress and papa has a new suit—but I don't know what on earth we'll do with the rest of it."

The odd experience of W. A. (Gus) Delaney and B. C. King in trying to dispose of an Oklahoma gas well for $2,500 without any luck, and of their later effort to find a buyer for half of all their property for $5,000, and again without a bidder, is one of the get-rich classics. Their holdings were in the Fitts pool in Oklahoma. Delaney, a lawyer with a small practice, had gone into the business of buying leases for oil companies to piece out his income. With King he had acquired several leases. They needed cash and didn't know just which way to turn to get it. Then along came Sam S. Miller, veteran pipe dealer, who put in enough cash to develop the property, for which there had been no bidders at $5,000.

Not long ago these three men sold part of their holdings for $500,000.

A sailor lad in Uncle Sam's Navy, back home on a furlough with a snug little roll of bills in his pocket, heard a group of men talking mighty big oil money on a Main Street corner. The sailor lad counted up his cash and found he had enough to take a flyer on a lease in the Ranger Field; just a gamble, understand.

The lad had to return to his ship when the furlough was up. Some time later the home town paper brought the news of the big Perkins gusher and of wild excitement in the Ranger Field. His flyer had brought him a fortune which his bunkie estimated rather roughly by saying that it made the pay of the admiral look like food for a canary by comparison.

An Okemah grocery clerk earning $12 a week counted himself fortunate in having a little garden patch which he worked after hours and produced sometimes as much as twenty dollars' worth of vegetables in a season.

One day a man found him busy with his hoe and asked him if he wanted to lease the patch. Hesitation; half a dozen vegetables were ripening. Finally under pressure of argument the clerk signed on the dotted line. A rich strike of oil was the next news. The value of the patch jumped overnight and he sold out for $180,000 the next day.

"But I can't help thinking," he said, "that twenty dollars' worth of good vegetables went to pot."

Dry holes, or "dusters," as wells which do not produce are called, make an oil man's hair turn gray. Near Tulsa, Oklahoma, there is a stretch of land which had been abandoned as worthless because it hadn't produced after two wells had been drilled. One day a stranger looked over the property and said he would like to buy it. Wanting to be fair with the visitor, the owner of the lease called his attention to the dry holes. That didn't annoy him. A bargain was made, and about midway between the dry holes several producing wells were drilled. The man's nerve opened the way to a fortune.

A Fort Worth, Tex., pawnshop salesman learned, after marrying, that $75 per month salary was quite inadequate to take care of himself and bride, so the couple moved to Wichita Falls at the beginning of the oil movement in the great Burkburnett field. This erstwhile salesman managed to pick up some wildcat leases for as little as 25 cents per acre. Just after 12 o'clock one night his telephone began to ring insistently, and upon sleepily answering it a strange voice excitingly offered him $100 per share for his holdings. Soon another voice called, offering $500; another bidding $1,000; still another almost begged him to accept $2,000; until the man was so dazed he could scarcely believe his own ears. The price of a mere drilling site in the field soared to $33,000, and kept on soaring. By keeping his head and refusing to be rushed off his feet he finally cleaned up in excess of $1,500,000. But he lost ten pounds in weight during the excitement.

Maud Lee Mud, Osage Indian Oil Heiress. Picture Shows Her as a Flapper With Her Grandmother.

Through years of hard work a janitor in Tulsa managed to acquire a patch of ground upon which he hoped to raise enough to keep him in his declining years. The representative of an oil company, after persistent calls, argued him into signing a lease for the property. A well was drilled and it became a gusher. The janitor's first return under the arrangement was so big that it nearly gave him heart failure. Fearing that it couldn't possibly last, he kept to his overalls and broom, not wishing to sacrifice a certainty; but the money kept piling up and now he is rich enough to own a building of his own and hire a janitor.

In the Fitts pool area, near Ada, Okla., a poor farmer, 80 years of age, had lived in a cabin on the creek bank for 50 years. During the development in that section he gave leases on his property, holding out ten acres for a homestead. Oil was found in large quantities, netting him a fortune. He had the satisfaction of refusing an offer of $100,000 for his ten acres.

On the outskirts of Kilgore, in the rich oil field of East Texas, there lived a poor farmer named Gregory, and wells drilled on his property produced a potential of 40,000 barrels daily, netting him a quick fortune. His only variance from his former routine was to buy a small, light car, build a modest frame house, and start a new pig pen. Queried about his strike, the old gentleman was more inclined to discuss improved farm conditions resulting from the boom in that area, saying: "The oil has sure helped us farmers a lot. Now we sell about $10 or $12 worth of butter and eggs weekly—just *think of that!* My royalty checks? Oh, yes, they're nice, but they come without effort on my part and I don't get near the kick out of them that I do from selling hogs and other farm products."

In Oklahoma two Indian girls, Mary Elkins and Maud Lee Mudd, became wealthy in oil. The former went in for a gay life and died, still with $600,000 left in the bank, and the other girl became the best-dressed flapper in the tribe.

Henry William had a patch of cotton just outside the Mexia town line. The boom came through his gate. There were scratchings of signatures on a lease; drillings; excitement. From hard grubbing in his cotton patch, the Williams family is now in undreamed-of affluence, with a smart villa for a home, automobiles and everything that money will buy. When the circus came to town he bought seats for 200 of his friends and hired mule teams to cart them to the show.

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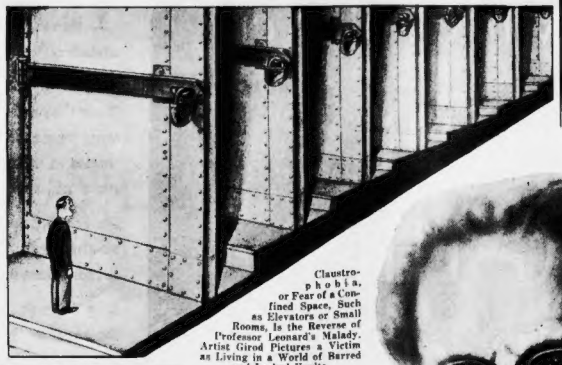
Love Loosens the Bars of Prof. Leonard's "Brain Prison"

The Learned English Teacher of Wisconsin University (59 Years Old, First Wife a Suicide and Divorced by His Second) Hopes His 27-Year-Old Third Bride Will Free Him From the Strange Fear That Has Confined Him Within 6 City Blocks



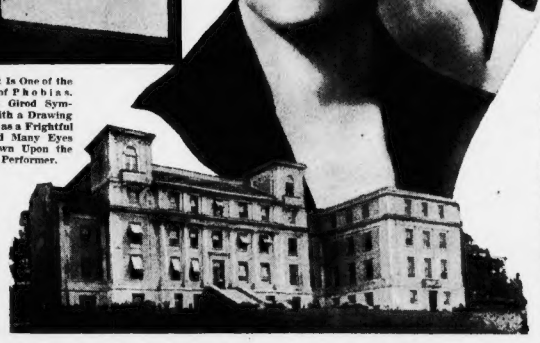
Claustrophobia, or Fear of a Confined Space, Such as Elevators or Small Rooms, Is the Reverse of Professor Leonard's Malady. Artist Girod Pictures a Victim as Living in a World of Barred and Locked Vaults.

Speed Phobia, or Fear of Fast Motion, Is Represented in This Picture by Charles Girod of Its Victim Who, Even When Lying in Bed, Often Wakes Up With the Feeling That His Couch Is Rushing Away With the Speed of a Fast Automobile.

Fear of High Places Is Another Well-known Phobia Illustrated by Girod Here as a Victim's Dream of Being in a Cage and Being Pushed Off a High Roof.

Stage Fright Is One of the Commonest of Phobias. Here Artist Girod Symbolizes It With a Drawing of the Piano as a Frightful Monster and Many Eyes Looking Down Upon the Unhappy Performer.

Professor W. E. Leonard and His Bride, Grace Golden, Who Is 32 Years His Junior, and Who Must Virtually Forsake the World to Join Him in His "Brain Prison" of Six City Blocks.



The Central Building of Wisconsin University, Which Is Also the Centre of Professor Leonard's Little World, Outside of Which He Cannot Go Without Being Seized With Hysteria.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD of the University of Wisconsin lives in a mental prison called a "distance phobia." If he goes beyond the invisible walls of his prison which cover an area of about six city blocks in Madison, Wisconsin, something in his mind which he calls his "Locomotive God," drives him in panic back to his prison.

Since his second wife divorced him on account of that phobia, nearly a year and a half ago, and his first wife killed herself, love in the person of Miss Grace Golden, who has just become his third wife, has succeeded in enlarging his prison somewhat. However, he has escaped temporarily before and will not be surprised if the "Locomotive God" drives him back again, any day.

If so, this third wife knows she must be a prisoner with him, as was her second predecessor for twenty years. The first committed suicide after one year of married life, though not for that, but because she was a mental case herself.

In his autobiography the professor, who is 59 years old, describes what happens when he tries to escape from his prison of the mind. He writes that he feels:

"Normal for the first quarter mile; in the next 100 yards I am in a mild state of dread, controllable and controlled; for the next twenty yards in an acute state, yet controlled; for the next ten, in an anguish of terror that hasn't reached the crisis of explosion, and in half a dozen steps more I am in as fierce a panic of isolation from help and home and fear of immediate death as a man overboard in mid-Atlantic or on a window ledge, far up in a skyscraper, with flames lapping at his shoulders."

It should be made clear that this strange weakness, though mental, is not any form of insanity or delusion. He is no more insane than a woman who is afraid of mice, or the *great* Admiral Nelson who was so *afraid* of horses that he would rather *fight* a battle than ride in a carriage.

Some people have an unreasonable fear of being confined in a small place, such as an elevator, or safety deposit vault, this tendency being known as claustrophobia. Others cannot endure high places, while a fear of fast motion is still another phobia of this kind. Stage fright, one of the commonest of failings, is also classed as a phobia. The artist, Charles Girod, has effectively illustrated some of these fears in the pictures shown on this page.

The professor knows he has his phobia, has studied and written about the weakness, done everything he could to cure it and is no more ashamed or secretive about the peculiarity than he would be had the locomotive that put a scar on his mind, crippled a leg instead. He has made a poet of himself, a master of the English language and of more than one form of athletics.

The incident that was to mark *him* for life happened when he was a *child* less than three years old. On *a* railroad platform for the first *time in* his life, a locomotive thundered past so close to him that a puff *of hot* steam burned him a little. He *thought* it was God coming to kill *him*. The child seemed to get *over the* shock and though a nervous *boy*, with occasional panics which *always* impelled him to run home, *there* was little outward evidence of *the* phobia. But it was lurking *in his* brain, like an encapsuled microbe, *waiting* for a severe enough shock *to set* it free.

Meanwhile, he grew up, studied in *Germany* and England and finally, at *the* age of thirty, began his work at *the* University of Wisconsin, where fate promptly measured him for his second knockout. In the house where he roomed, the beautiful daughter of the family had been a patient in a mental sanatorium. They married, and it was not a very prudent thing to do, but the world has learned that professors are not immoderately prudent people.

This one quickly paid for his rashness. Within a year of the wedding, the young wife committed suicide. That would have been shock enough but on top of it many people persisted in believing that it was the husband's fault. In his book of poetry, "Two Lives," Professor Leonard tells of the tragic day when he saw such an ominous melancholy settling upon his wife that he did not attend his own classes. Instead he brought her flowers, and:

"This is the red rose, dear, and
this the white.
The white rose this, beloved, this
the red.'
As I unpinned the paper, thus I
said:
'Love's passion and Love's purity
—ere night
You'll laugh with their green
stems amid your hair.'
She set in slender vase of blue
and gold
(I never saw them after), with
slow stare
Put hands upon my shoulders (as
of old?—
—Not quite) and gazed long and
unspeakably...
'These flowers I wore upon my
wedding dress.'
A pause...'O my poor husband...
must it be?'
Then clung so close, as in a
wilderness...

"An instant—leaped—leaped—followed—In the hall
I heard the click of key on upper
floor—
Strength left my knees—I could
but crawl and crawl—
And trembled groping to her
chamber door—
I heard the rattling of a box—a
knife?—
Razor at throat?—the panel—shall
I break?—
Perhaps it's nothing—I grip the
knob—'My wife!
O open! Open for your husband's
sake!'
She opened...with a vision on her
face,
And hands uplifted to immortal
things,
And past me flew...upon her toilet
case
An emptied glass with foam in
awful rings,
And a green bottle labeled with
the red
Letters that shrieked upon me,
'She is dead!'."

This was the chance the "Locomotive God" was waiting for and it exploded in his brain. Not only engines, trains, but crowds, street traffic, many kinds of noise and even large calendars, because he had seen his first one the day of that fright, brought on the phobia panic.

It drove him out of his home to an apartment house close to the university grounds and finally pinned him down to an area of six blocks. Within that mental prison he was at peace but if he tried to escape even a dozen blocks to the nearest theatre, the relentless "god in the brain" drove him back.

At the time he thought it was only a passing affliction, unimportant compared with the storm of argument that raged about him on the campus and in the City of Madison, itself.

There were some who scoffed and some who sneered—some who smiled and passed silently by as the prisoner moved about within the phantom walls and bars. The university publications gibed him. He was popular and a favorite in some groups; he was a complete stranger in others.

Then it was that Charlotte Charlton came to the University of Wisconsin. She was a Summer school student—an attractive, red-haired girl. She, like others, saw the picturesque, handsome, white-haired poet, with his flowing, purple tie, his stately strids and his remarkable physique, as he journeyed to and fro—from his home to the halls of learning. He heard that she was his most ardent champion and took steps to meet her.

She, like others, heard the stories of his accomplishments in the field of literature; stories of his prowess as a skater, swimmer and athlete, as well as a scholar and educator. Here was a man who could throw a baseball farther than his associates and farther than most of his youthful students.

Here was a man who could outskate experts; who could swim with the vim and endurance of a youthful champion. And here was a man who feared distance; who had a horror of noise; who went about his "beat" like a night-watchman. They fell in love.

It made no difference to Charlotte Charlton. The "Locomotive God" still permitted the professor some of the pleasures of life; and the god of love enlarged his prison considerably, for a while, just as he is doing again at the present moment. In his autobiography the professor tells how for a while he seemed to be getting the upper hand of the adversary in his brain. With the picture of his bride-to-be, he would take his bicycle and journey into the country in attempts to overcome his fears. He forced himself to walk along the woodland paths; he defied the unseen dictator and won several rounds.

Alone, he traveled into the railroad yards and found a passenger coach on a siding. He got on and off the step of the coach—up and down and up and down by the hour. He went into and out of the coach; he pretended it was part of a train at a railroad station. He was determined to give the "Locomotive God" a trimming. The "Locomotive God" retreated laughing.

Professor Leonard succeeded—though shaken with fear and dread—in making a journey to the home of his bride—to Chicago and several other points. The marriage had taken place, but the "Locomotive God" dogged the couple on their honeymoon and followed them into their new home.

Then, slowly, for some reason he does not explain, the tide of battle turned against Professor Leonard once more shutting him up within the same old mental boundaries. It became part of his phobia that his wife must be shut up with him, a development which may have sprung from the fact that he lost his first wife and had an unconscious dread that he would lose this one too if she got out of his sight.

During that time the Leonards entertained guests from outside the "prison" and since the "prisoners" could never return the call, the guests came a second time, bringing the dinner with them.

The second Mrs. Leonard served twenty years in the husband's mental prison and then broke jail by means of divorce. She spoke disrespectfully of the phobia, calling it a series of brainstorms, during which she said he was cross and made mean remarks.

She asserted that in the course of one of these storms he told her of going out to visit another woman and ordered her out of the house when she asked where his phobia had been at that time. Mrs. Leonard intimated that in her opinion the phobia was sometimes little more than a racket.

For instance, whenever they moved it was made the excuse for her husband to escape all the annoyances which ordinary husbands hate on such occasions but rarely know how to evade. She and friends had to prepare a room in the new abode, complete to the last detail, in advance of the moving, on the theory that he must get used to the shock for the phobia's sake. He would remain in there with the door closed and nobody daring to ask him so much as to hang a picture. Anyway, she won an uncontested divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty.

The third Mrs. Leonard is twenty-seven years old, an age-gap of thirty-two years to that of her white-haired husband. But then the professor of English can express poetic thoughts of a calibre such as no man of her own years would be capable and, for a while at least this celebrated phobia may be a special attraction, as it was to the second wife, until it became tiresome and turned into mental cruelty.

As in that previous case, the prison walls may shrink back to those six blocks or perhaps even less. Suppose it takes on new sidelines, such as that exemption from all the nuisances of moving? One can foresee possibilities of trouble ahead.

These do not worry the professor who has somewhat progressive ideas about love and matrimony. Some time ago he attacked Dean Goodnight of the university for expelling a co-ed and her college boy-friend, caught together in a morganatic week-end. The pair said they had intended to marry later and Professor Leonard, in a long open letter, argued that the Dean, in crashing their love-nest, was really violating the bridal chamber.

Dean Goodnight was old-fashioned enough still to think parents expect a university to take some care of the morals of its boys and girls. His answer to the English professor's lengthy attack was a beautiful example of brevity. He merely said:

"They should have married first."

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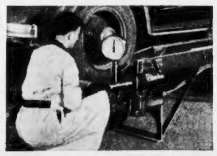

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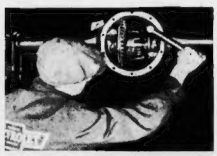

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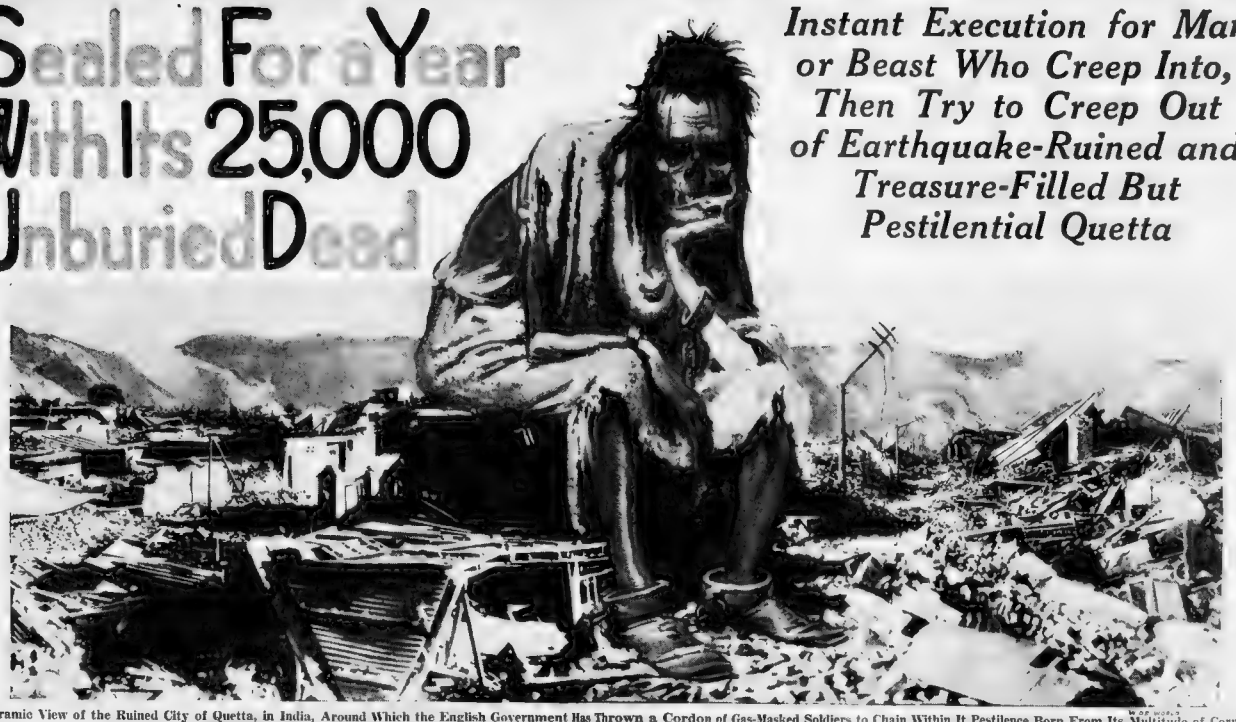
Sealed For a Year With Its 25,000 Unburied Dead

Instant Execution for Man or Beast Who Creep Into, Then Try to Creep Out of Earthquake-Ruined and Treasure-Filled But Pestilential Quetta



Panoramic View of the Ruined City of Quetta, in India, Around Which the English Government Has Thrown a Cordon of Gas-Masked Soldiers to Chain Within It Pestilence Born From Its Multitude of Corpses Buried Beneath the Debris—And Not for a Year Will a Living Creature Be Allowed to Enter or, If Entering, Be Allowed to Leave

KARACHI, India.

THE British Army's one-year siege of Quetta, "City of the Dead," in Baluchistan, India, is something new in all history.

Any man or animal that enters the city, comes automatically under sentence of death without trial. As soon as he tries to leave Quetta, a watchful British "Tommy" starts shooting. It is impossible to get out but though there is no escape or trial, there is a sort of reprieve. Even the military will not pass their own barbed wire entanglements to go in after the condemned man. Therefore, he is safe as long as he can manage to keep alive within the city of 25,000 unburied dead.

If he can sustain life in the place until June 16, 1936, the besiegers will then enter the city and his sentence will probably be commuted from death to a short prison term for looting. By a queer twist of fate the forbidden city, though impossible to escape from is not very hard to get into for a man willing to slide down a precipitous hillside at night and at the risk of a broken bone or two. Once in, there is the chance of finding millions of dollars worth of jewels and gold. It is a gold mine and a death trap.

There are a dozen fortunes buried in the ruins of the historic old "Miri" of Kalat, which was the palace of the Khan of Kalat, one of the titles of the Ameer of Baluchistan. Just before the earthquake, the Khan had moved to a more modern residence, and had taken with him most of his jewels and whatever movable objects of worth were necessary to furnish it. Nevertheless an immense quantity of valuable ancient furniture, tapestries, rare objects of art and actual treasure were left behind. The Miri was built mostly of brick, and dominated the town and the surrounding country like a giant fortress.

Here the last Khan, uncle of the twenty-six-year-old present holder of the title, lived in state with 360 wives.

The old Khan had a mania for collecting horses. But he never rode them. He used to have their tails cut off at the roots, and then he stabled them in pitch-dark tunnels hewn out of the rock.

His other mania was collecting rich embroideries, especially gold ones. When he was dying he ordered them all to be cut in two and sewn up again, so that their artistic value might be destroyed.

There was plenty of food in this capital of Baluchistan, with its 60,000 population on the night of May 31, when one of the worst earthquakes in modern times, hurled virtually every one of its buildings down on the sleeping inhabitants. But the tons of food in the market places were mostly perishable and quick to spoil in the hot Indian climate, even if the looters could find it. In some of the stores, especially near the English quarter, there was enough tinned goods no doubt to last quite a few of these desperate wretches for the year but the likelihood of finding much of it, deep under beams and debris is slight.

There is also plenty of fresh meat there in the form of native rats and of jackals that have sneaked in like the looters, not for jewels but to seek the 25,000 bodies of their rightful owners.

The jackals are permitted to enter because any bodies they may unearth and devour and any rats they kill assist in the general plans of the army's medical service which has ordered the siege. But, like the human looters, once having entered the city, they are shot at the first attempt to come out.

But the jackals and the rats are likely to prove as deadly to the man who eats them, as it would be to face the soldiers' rifles and machine guns. The chances are that by this time they are seething with deadly disease germs. Even more so is the water of which there is an abundance oozing up through cracks opened by the earthquake and flowing out from under the ruins. It seems doubtful if any of the plunderers, man or jackal, can keep from joining the rest of the dead before the siege is raised.

The rat is a different proposition which worries the besiegers more than any other. Rat exterminators and other experts warn that after a few weeks or months, when these parasites have gnawed at the last body they can get at and exhausted all other edible matter, they will start fighting and devouring each other for a few days more. Then, some dark night, the migratory instinct which seems latent in most all rodents will assert itself. As if at a given signal, they will all pour out of the city in every direction.

Bugles will sound, star shells will go up, searchlights will play, every machine gun and rifle will go into action to drive back this rat sortie and no doubt great numbers will be slaughtered. But they are small animals close to the ground and poor targets, especially at night. Also they can slip through barbed wire entanglements that would stop man or jackal.

It is not against the rats themselves or the men or the jackals for which all these warlike preparations have been made but the microbes of pestilence which they are almost certain to carry. At any cost these must not spread among India's teeming millions or the result might be something like the plagues of the dark ages.

Thousands of cities have been destroyed wholly or partly by earthquake, but few, if any, so completely as Quetta.

The buildings not only collapsed but so violent and prolonged were the convulsions of the earth that the ruins were scattered, mixed and spread over the streets until nearly all landmarks were obliterated. To locate even the markets and principal streets was almost like the task of an archeologist excavating a mound which he knows covers the ruins of a city, destroyed thousands of years ago.

Yet from the ruins of Quetta came muffled cries of hundreds buried alive in their sleep or who had managed to get into the street only to have several houses fall on them instead of one. The fire department had been obliterated. No apparatus could have moved had it survived nor was there any water supply to use had it moved to any of the fires that were raging in a score of places.

The police, first line in defense and rescue in time of sudden terror, had been almost exterminated, 160 of them sleeping in one barracks had been killed to a man. The soldiers marching into this wilderness of ruin had to attempt in hours and days what archeologists would require decades to accomplish.

The thing was beyond human powers. The best they could do was pick out a few thousand who had the good fortune to be pinned nearest to the top, at the same time putting out the fires and herding off the survivors to a big race track on the city's outskirts.

Within twenty-four hours the stricken city was enveloped in an odor like a battlefield, yet it was ten days before the last heart-rending cry for help ceased to come up from under the rescuers' feet.

The order of death brought jackals from far and near, and during those first ten nights rifles cracked and wounded animals snarled in the darkness as soldiers paused in their rescue work to shoot at the four-footed ghouls. When the last cry had ceased, came the order of evacuation. The soldiers marched out, driving before them every native.

Then and then sat down to the year's siege. By that time it is hoped that nature's processes will have purified things so that it will be safe to let the survivors of the disaster return to seek the bones of their dead and their graves and other treasures.

No one knows whether this vast sanitary experiment will be effective or not, for nothing like it has been tried before. Whole cities have been sacked and consigned to the flames by their conquerors. Herculaneum and Pompeii were even more completely wiped out than Quetta, but the bodies were buried deep in a concrete-like mass of mud, lava and ashes from Mt. Vesuvius. Never before has anyone tried to seal a city of 25,000 unburied dead.

Probably the greatest germ danger from a vast accumulation of unburied bodies such as lie under the ruins of Quetta is that of disease due to germs which live in the human digestive system, such as the germ of typhoid fever. Nowadays this disease has been virtually exterminated in western countries by careful purification and watchful of all sources of drinking water, for it is known that the typhoid germs usually are spread. But in India there still is a considerable amount of typhoid and presumably a number of victims of this disease or of persons who are typhoid "carriers" and in whose bodies typhoid germs persist, were among the people at Quetta and whose bodies lie in the abandoned city.

Experience has proved that these typhoid germs do not [illegible] body dies, but may even grow more actively for a time after the body is dead, passing [illegible] before typhoid germs [illegible] and continue there are many stories of how the germs [illegible] through the soil from graveyards where typhoid victims had been buried, and get into wells or other supplies of drinking water from which new victims caught the disease. To kill these germs grow generally in the bodies living in the ruins and [illegible] to allow healthy human beings to [illegible] there would be to court [illegible] vast typhoid epidemic [illegible] might take more lives than the earthquake itself.

Another danger is that [illegible]. This disease no longer [illegible] are in western countries [illegible] good facilities for disposing of [illegible] which usually is the [illegible] cholera is spread. However [illegible] can be is proved however [illegible] of previous epidemics [illegible] cities as New York and [illegible] numerous cholera victims or persons [illegible] at least a few of these germs [illegible] bodies remain alive among the [illegible] dead. Like the typhoid germs [illegible] cholera germs persist [illegible] apply enormously in the [illegible].

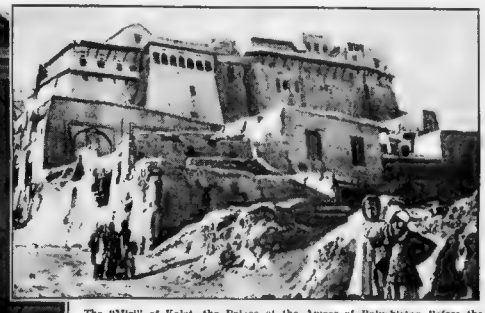
Bubonic plague is another [illegible] which is dangerous in such circumstances as exist at Quetta. Although the germs of this disease do not spread so easily in water as do those of typhoid or cholera the plague germs do live on in the body after death for a considerable time. They also live in the bodies of rats and no one could hope to exterminate the rats in Quetta, even if all human beings are kept out of the city. Another helper in distributing the plague germs is the flea, which insect may bite an infected rat and then infect, in turn, a human being.

There exist, too, a whole series of natural allies of the sanitary experts, in the form of soil bacteria and armies which will be left on guard in the city with the duty of killing what germs they can while the city is under sentence of abandonment. As fast as the bodies of the human earthquake victims decay and the dangerous germs escape from these bodies into the ground water or the soil, these disease spreaders must run the gauntlet of myriads of soil organisms which promptly pounce on them and eat them.

If the Quetta experiment succeeds and no epidemic follows when the city finally is unsealed, that result is likely to be due as much to the aid of these helpful micro-organisms of the soil as to anything done directly by man. The sealing of the city merely will give these organisms a chance.

KEYSTONE

Orphaned English Children in the Foreign Section of Quetta on the Day After the Earthquake.



The "Miri" of Kalat, the Palace of the Ameer of Baluchistan Before the Earthquake and Now Leveled to the Ground. Its Treasures Will, No Doubt, Tempt Some to Break the Blockade.

A Resident With Mask Over Nose and Mouth Seeking in the Ruins of His Home for Valuables—and for a Year No Former Dweller Can Enter and Search His Property Under Penalty of Instant Execution.

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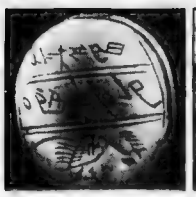
Found in the Ruins o



The Face of Jaazaniah's Seal Picked Up by the American Archeologists at Mizpah One of the Very Few Relics Belonging to a Character Mentioned in the Bible Ever Recovered. Enlarged 2 1 3 Times.

An Impression in Wax of Jaazaniah's Seal Made to Throw Up the Name More Plainly and to Show the Fighting Gamecock and to Illustrate How the Seal Was Used.

Line Drawing of Jaazaniah's Seal and Inscriptions. On the Upper Part of the Face Is the General's Name Clearly Written and Describing Him as "Officer of the King." The Picture of the Gamecock Proves for the First Time That Cock-Fighting Was the Popular Sport Among the High Officials of Early Israel This Seal Was Made of "Lucky Onyx," Further Proving Jaazaniah's Sporting Character.

"AND when all the captains of the armies, they and their men, heard that the King of Babylon had made Gedaliah governor, there came to Gedaliah to Mizpah, even Ishmael the son of Nethaniah and Johanan the son of Careah, and Seraiah the son of Tanhumeth the Netophathite, and Jaazaniah the son of a Maachathite, they and their men."

But did any of these people named by the Old Testament as written in II Kings, Chapter 25, ever live? Were there any such persons?

Well, the private personal seal of one of them, Jaazaniah, has been found. Buried in the ruins and rubbish of that old Bible city, Mizpah, Dr. William Frederic Bade, dean of the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley, California, and his assistants, have rescued after 2,500 years this extraordinary and unquestioned evidence that the Scriptural story is correct even to the spelling of the name of one of the personages referred to.

In the crumbled ruins of a tomb in ancient Mizpah, eight miles north of Jerusalem, Dr Bade picked up the onyx seal belonging to Jaazaniah, one of the four Jewish generals named in the Bible story as having come to Mizpah after the departure of King Nebuchadnezzar's Babylonian army in 590 B. C.

The inscriptions on the seal prove beyond question that it belonged to Jaazaniah. Here is a relic of the days of the early Jewish Kings. Some observers consider the discovery almost as remarkable as if the spade of the archeologist had dug up the very spearhead which pierced the side of the Saviour while He was on the cross.

Dr. W. F. Bade, Dean of the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley, California, Shown Measuring and Classifying the Ancient Pottery of Bible Times, Which His Expedition Picked Up at Mizpah.

Seals were articles of great importance in the ancient Oriental monarchies. Every king, governor, general, or person of high rank, had his seal. They were made of stone or clay, or some semi-precious gem, and bore inscriptions identifying the august owner such as his name or his favorite bird or beast, and often pictures of his god, or symbols connected with his religion. They were used to make impressions on clay, wax and sometimes papyrus, or carried with a message to represent the authority of the mighty owner. In an age when papyrus was scarce and expensive and when few could write, the seal was indispensable to a ruler in sending his orders.

In addition to this seal Mizpah contains a vast amount of relics of great interest to Bible students. Nearby is a curious well which is thought to have been the one in which the villain Ishmael threw the body of the noble Gedaliah after the latter had entertained him at a feast, as related in the Book of Jeremiah.

Nebuchadnezzar, the famous King of Babylon, a sort of Oriental Napoleon, whom the Bible describes as being driven mad for his sins and who "did eat grass as the oxen," had much to do with Mizpah. Before this another great Oriental tyrant Sennacherib, King of Assyria, destroyed the old city, but it was rebuilt. The name Mizpah was familiar even among Americans until recently in connection with rings, sentimental keepsakes and pieces of jewelry, but scholars have now found that its popularity was due to a mistranslation of the word.

Nebuchadnezzar's association with Mizpah occurred after he had besieged and captured Jerusalem as related in the Bible. At Jerusalem his soldiers brought Zedekiah, King of Judah, before him and "they slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes, and put out the eyes of Zedekiah, and bound him with fetters of brass and carried him to Babylon."

Following a description of Nebuchadnezzar's pillaging and burning of Jerusalem, the Bible story refers to Mizpah and introduces the name of Jaazaniah:

"And as for the people that remained in the land of Judah whom Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, had left, even over them he made Gedaliah, the son of Ahikam, the son of Shaphan, ruler.

"And when all the captains of the armies, they and their men, heard that the King of Babylon had made Gedaliah governor, there came to Gedaliah to Mizpah, even Ishmael the son of Nethaniah and Johanan the son of Careah, and Seraiah the son of Tanhumeth the Netophathite, and Jaazaniah the son of Maachathite, they and their men.

"And Gedaliah swore to them and to their men, and said unto them, Fear not to be the servants of the Chaldees; dwell in the land, and serve the King of Babylon; and it shall be well with you."

Mizpah was a great fortified city several times mentioned in the Bible. It was originally given to the tribe of Benjamin. When seeking for it, Dr. Bade's expedition calculated that it lay under the debris of a "tell" or hill, eight miles north of Jerusalem, called by the Arabs Tell-en-Nasbeh. When excavations were started here in 1925 evidence that this had once been the fortress of Mizpah was forthcoming immediately. The evidence was made conclusive by the finding of the principal gate of the city through which Sennacherib passed after his armies had destroyed the city in the days of King Hezekiah in 701 B. C.

The seal of Jaazaniah was found in a tomb of the Western Necropolis, or cemetery, of Mizpah. The upper part of the inscribed surface of the seal bears the name of Jaazaniah written exactly as in the Hebrew version of the Second Book of Kings. In the middle section he is described as "servant (that is to say, officer) of the King," which corresponds to the Biblical statement that he was one of the "captains of the forces."

"This seal," explained Dr. Bade, "is now in the Palestine Museum in Jerusalem and I have shown that its owner could have been none other than the Jaazaniah referred to in the Book of Kings and also in Jeremiah, Chapter 40, Verse 8. The discovery dramatically confirms the identification of Tell-en-Nasbeh with the site of Benjaminite Mizpah which became the capital of Judah after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Babylonians.

"An observer will see that the alternate black and white layers of the onyx have been skillfully ground away to form the rounded oval top of the seal, so that it presents the appearance of an eye with a black pupil.

"The onyx seal was clearly used by Jaazaniah on account of the magic effects of this stone. Especially in view of the fact that the upper side is finished in imitation of a human eye. In a collection of photographs of Assyrian tablets of nearly the same date as this seal, preserved in Berlin, the magic powers of various gem stones are described. Some are capable of winning for the owner the favor of certain deities, while others bring good dreams or ward off the demons of disease. These beliefs were widespread in antiquity and must have had their parallel in Palestine. There as in Assyria it was not merely taste that led to the choice of particular stones for the making of seals. The selected stone was expected to serve as a protective charm.

"Onyx was the translation used by the revisers of the English Bible for the Hebrew soham stone, first mentioned in Genesis, Chapter 2, Verse 12. There is still some doubt whether onyx is the correct translation, but evidently the stone was one which was supposed to bring great power and good fortune and had the distinction of being mentioned in Genesis as one of the glories of Paradise."

The third and lowest division of the inscribed face of the seal presents an interesting novelty in the form of a gamecock in a fighting attitude. His comb, wattles and spurs leave no doubt that a fighting rooster was intended. From this it has been learned for the first time that cock-fighting must have been a favorite sport among the kings and high personages of Israel. Domestic chickens are never mentioned in the Old Testament and it has been supposed that they were unknown in Palestine before the Greeks invaded that country.

Photograph of Portion of Outer City Wall of Ancient Mizpah. Even the Ruins of This Wall Stand 20 Feet High. The Original Wall Probably Was at Least 40 Feet and Explains the Report of the Spies of Moses, Who Said That the Walls Reached to the Skies.

Very Ancient Chalice Recovered at Mizpah, the Exact Use of Which Is Not Known but Which Dr. Bade Thinks Was a Religious Receptacle for Offerings, While Others Think That It May Have Been a Dish for Food.

But this seal, dating from about 600 B. C., gives definite proof that descendants of the useful East Indian bird had spread to Palestine before that time.

It is recorded that the Greek general Themistocles, who lived 514 to 449 B. C. while leading his army against the Persians observed two gamecocks fighting desperately. Stopping his army he bade his soldiers observe the valor and obstinacy of the birds. Annual cock-fights were instituted at Athens as a result of the victory won against the Persians on this occasion and are said to have popularized the sport all over Greece and Asia Minor. But the use of the gamecock symbol on Jaazaniah's seal may indicate that the sport was known in Palestine some centuries earlier. In any event the fighting gamecock was an appropriate symbol on the seal of a soldier.

The well which Dr. Bade believes is the one into which the traitor Ishmael threw the noble Gedaliah is the next most important discovery of this expedition. Gedahah was made Governor of Judah by Nebuchadnezzar and appears to have given his countrymen a good government, but Ishmael, a rebellious Jewish Prince, came to him for a conference, and, while being entertained by him, treacherously slew him. The tragic story is told in Jeremiah, Chapter 41, Verses 1 to 7:

"Now it came to pass in the seventh month, that Ishmael the son of Nethaniah the son of Elishama, of the seed royal, and the princes of the king, even ten men with him, came unto Gedaliah the son of Ahikam to Mizpah; and there they did eat bread together in Mizpah.

"Then arose Ishmael the son of Nethaniah, and the ten men that were with him, and smote Gedaliah the son of Ahikam the son of Shaphan with the sword, and slew him, whom the King of Babylon had made governor over the land.

"Ishmael also slew all the Jews that were with him, even with Gedaliah, at Mizpah, and the Chaldeans that were found there, and the men of war.

"And it came to pass the second day after he had slain Gedaliah, and no man knew it,

"That there came certain from Shechem, from Shiloh, and from Samaria, even fourscore men, having their beards shaven, and their clothes rent, and having cut themselves, with offerings and incense in their hand, to bring them to the house of the Lord.

"And Ishmael the son of Nethaniah went forth from Mizpah to meet them, weeping all along as he went: and it came to pass, as he met them, he said unto them, Come to Gedaliah the son of Ahikam.

"And it was so, when they came into the midst of the city, that Ishmael the son of Nethaniah slew them, and cast them into the midst of the pit, he, and the men that were with him."

Dr. Bade remarks:

"The well we have found appears likely to be the pit mentioned in the Bible. Its shape is that of an enormous jug, or bottle, largest at the middle, somewhat smaller at the bottom, and narrowing like the shoulder of a bottle towards the top. Here and there the surface of the plaster with which it had been made water-tight, had scaled off revealing underneath an earlier coating of plaster which was thickly pitted with pick or chisel holes, obviously intended to furnish a hold for the last coat of plaster.

"At the lower edge of the pile of debris in the cistern was found a lot of Israelite pottery of the Exile Period, and nothing of a later date. The fact that no pottery was found later than the Exile Period showed that the well had been abandoned at that time, which was also the time Gedahah was killed. But an excellent rock cistern like this would hardly have been abandoned in ancient times before the city was abandoned, unless a special reason existed for doing so. We know that the occupation of the city continued for some time after the abandonment of the cistern because a grain bin was built over it and there are other evidences. Therefore, we are led to the conclusion that it was abandoned because it had been made unfit for human use, which would have been the case if the bodies of Gedaliah and his companions had been thrown into it.

"The narrative in Jeremiah appears to contain the solution of the mystery. Gedaliah had been warned against the treachery of Ishmael, but gave no credence to the warning. He invited Ishmael and his fellow villains to a feast at which they treacherously slew him and his companions and concealed their bodies in a nearby cistern."

The sealed cistern is near the citadel tower of the southeast corner of the ancient city. A dead body would, according to ancient Hebrew beliefs, render a cistern unclean, even if they had no conception of the danger to health from it.

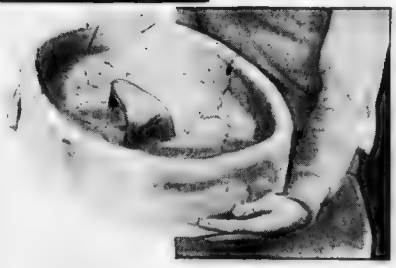
The Destruction of King Sennacherib's Army by a N Night Recorded by the Bible, Which Is Believed to Ha Near Mizpah, Where Archeologists Have Found T Assyrian King's Ruthless Sack of the City. From a Gustave Dore.

MIZPAH, the Old Bible City

The Private Seal of Jaazaniah, the Jewish General Named in the Old Testament Story as a Visitor at Mizpah, the Well Into Which Gedaliah Was Treacherously Thrown by Ishmael—and Other Priceless Relics Which Confirm the Scriptures

Nursing Bottle, with Nipple on the Side Next to the Handle, Recovered at Mizpah and Dating from About 1,000 B. C.

View from the Bottom of the Old Well at Mizpah, Which Dr. W. F. Bade Believes Was the One Into Which the Bodies of the Good Governor Gedaliah and His Companions Were Hurled After They Had Been Murdered at a Banquet.



Another Very Ancient Vessel from Mizpah Which May Have Been a Foot-bath.

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Drawing by

The expedition found evidence that Mizpah was captured and destroyed by the Assyrian King Sennacherib about 701 B. C. Sennacherib had risen to the position of world power formerly held by the early kings of Babylon. They have uncovered the great gate to the city through which the Assyrian monarch is believed to have marched in triumph. Sennacherib is stated in the Bible to have invaded Palestine and to have suffered a miraculous disaster in which the whole of his army was destroyed in the night. It has never been definitely determined what this disaster could have been and exactly where it happened. According to the Assyrian records of Sennacherib's reign, he enjoyed an unbroken campaign of victory in Palestine. His inscriptions state that he captured and pulled down 38 fortified cities in Palestine. He did not capture Jerusalem, but Dr. Bade has found evidence that he did capture and destroy Mizpah. The invasion of Sennacherib and the disaster that befell him are described in the 18th and 19th Chapters of the Second Book of Kings, where it is written:

"Now in the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah did Sennacherib, King of Assyria, come up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them.

"And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.

"So Sennacherib, King of Assyria, departed, and went and returned and dwelt at Nineveh."

The gate was fortunately well preserved and is the finest of its period thus far found in Palestine. The passage through it measured 13 feet in width. The stone door-sockets were still in place and inside the gate were commodious stone benches where it is believed the judges held trials in the open air as described in the Bible.

Near Jaazaniah's seal were found fragments of Iron Age pottery. They were buried in an Iron Age tomb which had been enlarged and used again during the Roman and the Byzantine periods. Other Iron Age tombs in the cemetery were found to have been similarly remodeled and put in use. Seven scarabs were found in one tomb bearing the symbols of the Pharaoh Thothmes III, who lived in the Tenth Century B. C.

The archeologists found an area full of burnt and damaged objects known as "a destruction level" which they estimated was the site of the city about 700 B. C., which would have been the time Sennacherib attacked it. This was fairly conclusive evidence that the Assyrian conqueror sacked the city. Mizpah was a great and strongly walled city and was probably one of the last destroyed by Sennacherib before besieging Jerusalem.

The walls of Mizpah were so high that they may have been the walls that "reached to Heaven" reported by Moses' spies.

At the destruction level were found Assyrian pottery, coins and other articles indicating that the destruction was caused by Assyrians. As Sennacherib was the principal Assyrian invader of Palestine it seems certain that he was the man who wrecked the city.

The name Mizpah has long been familiar to Americans from its use on engagement rings and other tokens exchanged between young people. The common idea is that the word means, "May God watch over you."

Dr. Bade states that this is a misunderstanding of the word and that it is really an oath sworn after a quarrel over the boundary of two parcels of land.

"Mizpah literally means 'Fair View'," explained Dr. Bade. "The popular use of it as meaning 'God watch over you' arose from a passage in Genesis about Jacob and Laban. They had a quarrel over land boundaries and when they had finally established the boundary they raised a mound of rocks which they called 'Mizpah.'

"They swore an oath to respect the boundary, calling upon Jehovah to witness it. The real meaning of this oath was, 'May God watch between you and me while we are absent from one another.' In other words they asked Jehovah to bear witness in case one trespassed during the absence of the other. This is quite an opposite meaning from the sentimental one which has become popularly attached to the word."

Mizpah repeatedly figures in the Bible narrative. In Judges, Chapters 20 and 21, it is mentioned as one of the places where the Israelites assembled and again in I Samuel as the place where Samuel commanded the Israelites to give up their idols and follow in the ways of the Lord.

The excavations show that Mizpah was rebuilt as long ago as 900 B. C., a fact which agrees with the statement in the Book of Kings that King Asa fortified Mizpah against the attacks of Baasha. There were uncovered the foundations of a sanctuary of this period and a place of sacrifice, such as Mizpah must have possessed according to Biblical accounts.

The last reference to Mizpah in ancient records states that the place was used as a stronghold by the great Jewish military leader, Judas Maccabaeus, who restored his nation about 200 years before the Christian era. This was confirmed by the discovery of Maccabaean buildings and coins.

Just inside the city wall the excavators found the remains of a building containing a large room about 8x30 feet. It contained a large circular-walled structure like a storage bin, about 6½ feet in diameter, a stone basin and a kind of table made of two flat stones. Among the objects found in the rooms were a terra-cotta dove, the torso of a small figure of Astarte and a small saucer lamp placed in the three-branched forks of a tree, all in terra-cotta. The lamp had been covered with white paste and then painted red much like the Astarte figures. Therefore, it probably had religious significance and was an offering.

The dove, as is well known, was a bird sacred to the Asiatic Venus who was worshiped with licentious rites and was the cause of frequent demoralization among the Israelites. The evidence, therefore, indicates that this was a shrine of Astarte. The great prophet Jeremiah frequently denounced the Israelites for worshiping Astarte, but they persisted in their idolatry, saying: "But we will certainly burn incense unto the Queen of Heaven," (Jeremiah, Chapter 44, Verse 17)

It must be remembered that Jeremiah was closely associated with Mizpah. It is stated that he went there to Gedaliah after his release from prison, where he had been thrown when Nebuchadnezzar invaded Jerusalem.

"Among the objects found," says Dr. Bade, "is a well modeled head of Astarte, the Babylonian Venus, whose coiffure strikingly resembles the modern style of bobbing hair. She is a fine specimen of what Jeremiah calls the 'Queen of Heaven,' and since he undoubtedly trod the streets of Mizpah, I may be pardoned for feeling that in the shape of this little terra-cotta head found in the surface debris of the Israelite stratum we picked up the text of one of his most trenchant invectives against idolatry."

In his book in the Bible Jeremiah thus addressed the Israelites who had been worshiping this "Queen of Heaven" and similar idols:

"The incense that ye burned in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem, ye, and your fathers, your kings, and your princes, and the people of the land, did not the Lord remember them, and came it not into his mind?

"So that the Lord could no longer bear, because of the evil of your doings, and because of the abominations which ye have committed; therefore is your land a desolation, and an astonishment, and a curse, without an inhabitant, as at this day."

The capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar already referred to was accompanied by the carrying off of many of the Israelites into captivity in Babylon, and the destruction of their Temple. Many of them were able to hold out in various parts of the country. Jeremiah, who was one of the noblest of the Hebrew Prophets, and constantly exhorting his people to avoid idolatry and be true to the faith of Jehovah, very strongly urged them to stay in Palestine if they could. Many of them fled to Egypt and took service under the Pharaoh.

Jeremiah gave his support to Gedaliah, the Governor, whose capital was at Mizpah, and frequently consulted with him and, perhaps, inspired his policies. It is probable that Mizpah was the most important center at this time of Jewish nationality, which was in an unhappy condition.

The inscriptions and designs found on the pottery picked up at Mizpah will help to unveil the history of this ancient city. Two jar handles bear the name of the deity in the form of "Yah" or "Yahu." One also bears the consonants "MZH" which is thought to refer to the Feast of Unleavened Bread. Still another, very different from the last mentioned, bears the consonants "MZP" which is supposed to be a form of the Mizpah stamp which is also found on other objects.

There are a number of jar-handle impressions showing a flying eagle and the legend, "For the King, Hebron." On one impression which bears the simple legend "For the King" (le-Melek), the tail feathers are so clearly indicated that the stamp maker's intention to represent a bird and not a flying scroll cannot be doubted. The inscriptions are of importance on account of the forms of the Hebrew letters employed and further study will be given to them. These jar-handle inscriptions are estimated to belong to the period between 900 and 600 B. C.

An article of great domestic interest identified among the pottery was a nursing bottle, made for babies of about 1000 B. C. It was a nipple on the side next to the handle.

A peculiar chalice was found of about the same period, the use of which is not certain. Dr. Bade thinks it was a receptacle used for the offerings in religious ceremonies. Others think it may have been a dish to hold food, or perhaps wine.

Even more remarkable was a ceremonial foot-bath of about 800 B. C. Experts say that this was used to bathe the feet of guests entering the house. There is a foot-rest in the middle of the bowl. When the bowl was found the foot-rest was missing, but from the knobs in the center of the bowl the rest was reconstructed. If it had not been for the foot-rest, it would have been taken for a soup-tureen, or some similar object.

The expedition made some remarkable discoveries of a much later time in the North Cemetery. The workers had observed, in the immediate vicinity of the Iron Age tombs 2000 years old, several partly collapsed and weather-beaten tombs whose surface appearance indicated that they belonged to the Greek or even to a later period. The best preserved of these had a forecourt about six feet square and not quite six feet high. It had been hewn from a ledge of limestone.

The archeologist then went to work to clear out the mass of debris in the tomb. Very soon a coin of Herod Archelaus came to light. This Archelaus who ruled from 4 B. C. to 6 A. D. is the one mentioned in the Second Chapter of St. Matthew as having ordered the Massacre of the Innocents, or new-born children.

Her Gigolo—by Marie de Montalvo

A Love Story With a Surprise Ending—Particularly Surprising to a Young Married Woman Who Had a Boy Friend. Complete on This Page.

Vivian Was Uneasy. She Had Just Read About "Gigolos"—and She Had One. She Had Never Given Him Money, But She Had "Loaned" Him a Ruby Ring Her Husband Had Given Her—Would Her Gigolo Return It?

VIVIAN tossed restlessly on the chaise longue of her hotel sitting room and dug her worried blonde head deeper into its stuff, snowy silk cushions. It was a hot evening, and she knew she would be much more comfortable if she went to a movie, even if she couldn't keep her mind on the picture, but she couldn't seem to get up the energy to go. The floor was littered with motion picture magazines she had read since she had left the story about the gigolo she had just started to see a magazine. A gigolo, so she had learned, was a man who got money and presents out of lonely women for being attentive to them. Vivian couldn't pronounce the word and had never even heard it spoken, but it gave her a strange sense of uneasiness and guilt in addition to her other anxieties.

Her meeting with Sherry had been just like the one described in the magazine story about the gigolo. She had been sitting alone in the hotel lobby one evening, watching the dancing, and the clerk had brought him up and introduced him. He was good looking, slender, fashionably dressed and he had very sleek hair and manicured nails, and he was a wonderful dancer, just like the gigolo in the story.

And she had fallen for him, just like the married woman in the story.

True, she had never paid him money for taking her places—but there was the matter of the ruby ring. She realized, now that could never be satisfactorily explained to anybody, let alone to Harris, her husband.

On the other hand, he reflected resentfully, if Harris hadn't been so much afraid during this entire first year of their marriage she would never have met Sherry.

The Ruby Ring Her Husband Gave Her—And What She Did With It.

Her somewhat confused thoughts went back to her meeting with Harris when she was working in the store in Harrisburg. She remembered how big and substantial looking he seemed, how solid and dependable. He was, too—as solid as they came, and crazy about her from the first day he set eyes on her. There was no running around to restaurants with Harris. He went right out to see her folks and told them that if he had his way he'd marry her the next week and take her to New York with him. In the end he won them over. Conservative country people though they were, they couldn't help being impressed with his generosity, his frankness, and his attitude of almost fatherly protectiveness toward Vivian—his "blue-eyed doll," as he called her. He was a lot older than she was, but Vivian didn't mind that. She was only too glad to get away from the monotonous work, and she was really very fond of him.

So they had married and had come to New York to live.

Vivian had known neither work nor poverty since. Her life now represented a luxury she had seen hitherto only in the movies. She lived in a hotel suite where she didn't have to turn her hand over to do a thing; she had a car—which they used only when Harris was home because she had never learned to drive it. Harris gave her lovely jewelry and clothes and furs, she went regularly to a beauty specialist, and she had pleasant telephonic relations with one of the best liquor stores in town.

But Vivian wasn't happy. She was dreadfully lonely.

Harris' business—whatever it was—kept him away a lot in the evenings, and he often telephoned to her that he must go out of town without even taking the time to come up and say good-by. These trips lasted as long as two weeks, and occasionally he failed to write or wire for days at a time. He seemed to have only business friends, and these he never brought home or introduced to her. And Vivian was too shy to make friends of her own, with the exception of two or three passing acquaintanceships with women she met sitting around the hotel or in the beauty parlor.

Whenever he could be with her—and Vivian knew that was as often as he could—Harris was the most devoted husband in the world. And Vivian had been faithful and grateful and had given him her affection...though it was nothing like what she felt for Sherry.

But that business of the ruby ring was pretty bad, she realized now; and whenever she let herself worry about it, whenever she remembered Harris' lavishness to herself, his good-natured gifts of money to her parents on their run-down little Pennsylvania farm, and the way he would put his arm around her and call her his blue-eyed doll, she felt almost unendurable pangs of remorse.

She had found the ruby ring in one of Harris' pockets about six months ago when she was putting his clothes away after one of his business trips. It was carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and just to tease him she put it on for show, and pretended she thought it was meant for some other woman. Harris should have known she was only razzing him, but he had taken it very seriously. The ring belonged to a friend who owed him money, he said and if the friend succeeded in raising the money he was bound to return it, so he didn't want to take any risk of its being lost or stolen. Vivian had pouted and turned it around on her finger. It was a great big stone and fascinated her by its warm, glowing color, and finally Harris had said she could wear it for a while, but never outside the apartment.

This Summer Harris had been away a lot, and Vivian had had nothing to do but go to the movies alone or with some woman until she had met Sherry. After that—unknown to Harris, of course—her whole life had become the gay, carefree, happy thing she had missed and wanted all through her drab girlhood; bright blue Sherry in the blazing sun on the beach with Sherry, moonlit walks on the boardwalk with Sherry, dancing at the Casino with Sherry, and toward the last, long, intimate talks in the apartment with Sherry, during which she told him everything that had ever happened to her and everything she had ever thought.

And then had come the first and only time Sherry had made love to her. Right here in her apartment, the apartment Harris paid for. But she hadn't thought of Harris then, or of how mean it was to double-cross him. She had thought only of Sherry, handsome and ardent, and had let him kiss her and hold her in his arms, and had kissed him back, hard, and told him that she loved him.

In the midst of it all, his eyes had chanced to fall on the big ruby ring she was wearing that evening. He had drawn back, sort of chilled, she thought, and had said what a swell husband she must have to give her such things.

Who on earth could it be? Sherry always telephoned that he was coming. Harris had a key, of course...there was no one else...Still it might be Sherry.

In her agitation, her blonde hair still rumpled and her cheeks tear-stained, Vivian sprang to the door. But her visitor evidently had grown discouraged waiting and had gone away.

Frantic now for fear she had missed her last chance of getting back the ring, Vivian called the desk to ask if there had been any one inquiring for her. Yes, said the polite clerk—just a moment, he would have the gentleman speak to her from a booth.

It was Sherry!

"I rang the bell but you didn't answer," he said cheerily. "Are you alone? Is the coast clear?"

He made no mention of having neglected her for two full weeks; and somehow, now that her anxiety was somewhat relieved, Vivian began to feel irritated with Sherry.

What are you afraid of?" she asked, rather scornfully.

Harris—big, solid Harris—would never be afraid of anything, she was sure; not even an angry husband.

There was a perceptible pause before Sherry answered, and then his words came rather slowly.

"I'm not afraid for myself, Vivian; only for you. May I come up?"

"Yes," said Vivian.

But she was thrilled at seeing him again. She felt sure now that everything was all right—that Sherry was everything she had thought him. And she ran to her dressing table to powder and rouge, and ran a comb hurriedly through her hair. But she must still have shown traces of grief when she opened the door, for Sherry's first words were that she needed a drink. He held her in his arms very gently without kissing her, and led her to a chair. It made Vivian feel like crying again.

But all the time she was trying to squirm around and see if he was wearing the ring.

"You sit right there," said Sherry, "and I'll mix you a highball."

It would make her feel better, thought Vivian; and it would also give her time to think out how to ask for the ring—for now that Sherry was here, somehow she hated to do it. It seemed so cheap!

Presently from the kitchenette came the tinkle of ice in a shaker.

Vivian's ears became fixed on another sound—the grating of a key in the lock of the outside door. It must be Harris, though he had never come home without telegraphing before. She ran across the room to the kitchenette, caught Sherry so hard by the wrist that he spilled her liquor he was pouring, while with the other hand she reached up to put out the light over his head.

Then she went out to the tiny vestibule just as Harris let himself in.

"Why darling!" She tried to speak naturally, but she felt her voice trembling. "Why didn't you let me know?"

Harris didn't seem to notice her excitement, her trembling, her stiff, wry smile. He seemed in a hurry, and walked dead ahead of her into the living room with only a short cold kiss. He carried no traveling bag, she noticed, and there was no bellboy behind him.

"I've got to leave town again right away," he said briefly, "and I want to take you with me. I'll help you get a few things together. We've only ten minutes."

He crossed the sitting room and went toward the bedroom. Vivian followed with her eyes on the kitchenette door, thankful because this would give Sherry a chance to slip away.

But suddenly her eyes were transfixed, for she saw the kitchenette door slowly open and Sherry standing there.

Had he gone insane?

Harris would surely kill him—break his slender body with his bare hands.

She shrank back as Sherry's voice rang out sharply.

"Stop!" he said.

Harris froze at the bedroom door. His hand went swiftly to his hip pocket.

"No use," said Sherry, "put 'em up."

For the first time Vivian noticed that Sherry held something bright in his hand. And then, as he came slowly out from the shadow of the kitchenette, in growing fright and an amazement too great for words, she saw Harris raise his arms above his head.

And as the slender Sherry advanced upon him, she heard her husband speaking—not in his usual tone of brusque self-confidence, but pleadingly.

"Can't we come to terms?"

Harris pleading with a sleek-haired boy whom he could have broken with one hand!

Harris with the perspiration running down his white face!

Harris turned coward, ready to let them both be killed by a gigolo suddenly gone mad!

Vivian could control her nerves no longer, and she screamed, a long, ear-splitting shriek that hurt her own ears and echoed vibratingly in her head.

No sooner had she screamed than there came a commotion out in the corridor, the outside door was flung open, the room seemed suddenly full of policemen. Really there were only three. Two of them seized Harris by the arms. The other put his hand on her shoulder.

She tried to push it off. She pointed one trembling finger at Sherry.

"It's that man there," she cried hysterically. "He's trying to kill my husband."

Sherry quietly put away his revolver.

"Let the girl alone, she isn't in this," he said, and the policeman took his hand away and went to stand against the door. "Put the bracelets on him and frisk him," said Sherry.

He came toward her. His face looked drawn and he seemed ten years older.

"I'm sorry, kid," Sherry said, in a low tone. "For I thought you were in it with him. Then I found out what sort of innocent little country girl you are...I've meant all the things I've said to you, kid, don't ever forget that. But I've got to follow orders. We've been trying for two years to get this guy. It was the ruby ring clinched it. That's part of the Beekman collection. He hasn't had time to send it to be broken up when you found it on him. And he was soft with you and let you wear it...I felt like a dog when you put it on my finger—but, of course, I couldn't give it back."

Vivian was staring at him.

She was trembling from head to foot, and Sherry started to take her arm and lead her to a chair. She pushed him away, trying to understand.

"It was stolen goods, don't you see, kid?" he said.

The Gigolo Came Out of the Kitchenette—Vivian Saw Her Husband's Hand Go Swiftly to His Hip Pocket. The Gigolo Said: "No use—put 'em up!" And Then She Saw an Automatic Pistol in the Gigolo's Hand and Saw Her Husband Raise His Hands Above His Head.

Husband and Gigolo—She Lost Them Both.

Over in the other corner of the room the officers were going through her husband's clothes, and adding to a small pile of glittering objects that lay on a table beside the ugly revolver they had taken away from him.

"He took a chance when he came to get you this evening," Sherry said. "But that's what I figured he'd do. We had all his regular places covered, so he had no place to plant the loot, and he knew it was his last break, so we figured he'd try to get you and clear out of the country. He certainly gave us a chase, though—never could pin it on him before, and he's been in the racket for years."

Harris was standing against the wall handcuffed, with his eyes shut. He looked very tired and sick...as if he didn't care how the officers mauled him around. Vivian found herself strangely angry.

"You got to hand it to him," Sherry went on. "He's got the cold nerve to come and get you! If it wasn't for you, he'd be in Canada."

Vivian found her voice, at last.

"If it wasn't for you, you mean," she said furiously, "you...you little shrimp! You spy! You traitor! You...nothing but a jiggle-oh! You got my confidence and you made love to me and you got my jewelry away from me...and then you use it against my husband! I never want to see you again."

Harris had opened his eyes and was looking at her. The officers had finished their job. Vivian ran over to him and flung her arms around his neck, sobbing:

"Harris, I love you...only you...and I'll never go back on you..."

But Harris raised his handcuffed wrists and pushed her away, in his eyes a flaming hatred.

"Never go back on me—you!" he said, hoarse with rage. "Wait for me—you! And all the time I was out working for you, you were making love to a dick—making cheap love to a dirty detective, that's what you were doing!"

Vivian thought for a moment he was going to strike her with his manacled hands. She shrank from him and sank upon her knees, sobbing.

"Take him out," said Sherry, and the officers left the room with Harris between them.

Harris never gave her a backward glance. The gigolo bent over her. He said: "Any time you want me...I'll be your—friend."

And then the gigolo, too, left her.

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AUGUST

SAT

Armour's Meal of the Month

• MENU •

It was a pleasure to plan this menu for the August Meal of the Month:

Iced Tomato Juice
Cold meat Board—Green Onions
Old-fashioned Potato and Vegetable Salad
Mayonnaise Dressing
Olives—Pickles—Relish
Rye Bread Cloverbloom Butter Iced Tea
Peach and Pineapple Shortcake Whipped Cream

Ask your dealer for my free recipe book
(Signed) MARIE GIFFORD, *Food Economist at Armour's*

Table Appointments from Marshall Field & Co.

For August, Madam, something new!

The Cold-meat Board

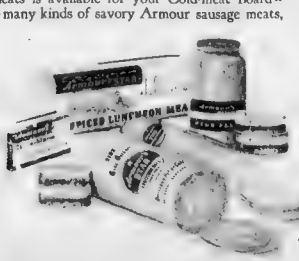
Selected by the DeMilles, of Hollywood

. . . Summer eating at its best . . . and a kitchen holiday, too

THE DeMilles, of Hollywood, selected it. Marie Gifford, of Armour's, planned it cleverly to take you away from the hot stove. And now Armour presents it as the MEAL OF THE MONTH for August. It's a meal to *cheer* for. You prepare it in a jiffy—then serve it gaily in the kitchen, on the porch, or even in the garden. Here, Madam, is perfect summer eating for your family—and a kitchen holiday for you!

Wholesomeness and economy in Armour's Ready-to-Serve meats

A marvelous variety of Armour Ready-to-Serve meats is available for your Cold-meat Board★—many kinds of savory Armour sausage meats, dainty spreads and spiced meats . . each with its own fine flavor, enriched and sealed in by Armour's carefully controlled methods.



Be sure you get Armour's meats. The success of your Cold-meat Board depends on the natural meat juices, the delicate spicing, the absolute purity and wholesomeness for which these Armour products are famous. They're made in spotless Armour kitchens, by expert food makers, who guard every step of the process. "Armour quality *must* be there," they say. And always, the delicious Armour flavor.

Choose an assortment of Armour meats and Cloverbloom Cheese at your dealer's. You'll find them utterly appetizing . . . and so economical you'll want to keep a supply in your pantry or refrigerator, all summer long

A new favorite meal each month

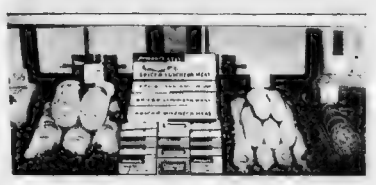
Each month, a new Armour MEAL OF THE MONTH is displayed in your neighborhood food store. You buy all the items at one time and also get Marie Gifford's book of recipes for the complete meal. Thousands of women have welcomed this new buying service because it answers that bothersome question. "What *shall* I serve today?"... If you haven't already served the Armour meals, why not begin with this delicious choice for August? Your family will love the Cold-meat Board and the flavor and richness of Armour's quality products.

★ The Armour products pictured above are Braunschweiger Liver Sausage, Star Luncheon Roll, Armour's Spiced Luncheon Meat, several Armour Dainty Spreads and Armour's Cloverbloom Cheese. In the illustration to the left are these same Armour products in packages, together with Armour's Cooked Pigs Feet.

THE RECIPE BOOK

Ask your dealer for Marie Gifford's Recipe Book, with full directions for preparing the August MEAL OF THE MONTH

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY *at your dealer's all during August*



Don't miss Cecil B. DeMille's

"THE CRUSADES"

The "Picture of the Year"

The glorious romance and adventure of the Middle Ages, the high drama of the Crusades—all this you will see in Paramount's epochal picture, "The Crusades." Brought to the screen by the master hand of Cecil DeMille, creator of such great pictures as "Sign of the Cross," "Ten Commandments," "Cleopatra," and others, "The Crusades" is heralded as the "Picture of the Year." Under the guidance of her distinguished father, Katherine DeMille plays a role that gives full scope to her beauty and talent. Critics expect her to score a triumph in "The Crusades"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE—
Watch for it at your theater

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

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The Girl Men Talked About

by Maysie Greig

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

WHEN Otelia Wayne left the chorus of a Chicago night club and came to Vienna to study singing and dance in the Royal theatre in Vienna, little did she realize that her greatest dream . . . love . . . would come true. But a fellow Texas Beauty of Latin ways came to the cabaret one night . . . he found a love that [illegible] her heart.

[illegible] Baron [illegible] to marry [illegible] stated away for a few days [illegible] her in charge of [illegible] Webster, a young American [illegible] had helped her [illegible] and when the secretary, Robin [illegible] warn her that Boris [illegible] Otelia [illegible] Boris [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Girl I Almost Married

(Continued from Page 16)

cape. Suddenly her eyes were drawn towards the small dessert knife that Josef had placed beside her plate. The handle was mother-of-pearl, the blade, sharp, gleaming steel.

She stared down at it, fascinated. A knife... a sharp steel knife...She fingered it gingerly.

Boris pushed aside his plate; glanced up at the clock. "How quickly the time passes with you, little love," he whispered.

As though impelled by some inner force, Otelia's fingers closed around the handle of the knife. Surreptitiously she slipped it onto her lap. Her heart was beating wildly.

He rose unsteadily to his feet. He moved towards her, but she stepped back.

"Boris," she said desperately, "I don't love you. You must allow me to return to America at once."

The ring of determination in her voice seemed to surprise him. He stared down at her, swaying slightly on his feet. "You don't know what you're saying," he muttered.

"I do," she insisted, strangely quiet. "If you touch me you will be sorry." As though to reassure herself her fingers tightened around the handle of the knife.

Boris glanced at her, suddenly sobered by the queer calmness of her manner. Where before her defiance had only amused him now all at once he sensed something of her desperate seriousness. And as she stood, sober-eyed, resolute, almost commandingly before him, swift anger came into his dark eyes. That she, a commoner whom he had honored with his love, should defy him, a king!

"You little fool," he muttered. "What do you mean—I shall be sorry? Come to me—at once. I command you."

But still she stood motionless; and this time, hypnotized by the fire in his eyes, she could not even reply.

"Then I will make you come," he said.

He stepped forward, his arms reached out to crush the slim trembling shoulders. But with courage born of sheer desperation she whipped the knife from behind her back.

Had not Boris been even quicker than she the knife might have found its home in his heart. As it was the steel blade cut a deep gash in his wrist.

He drew back with a cry of pain. He seized a napkin from the table to staunch the red blood which spurted from the wound while Otelia stood staring at him, her eyes wild and aghast. The sight of the blood seemed to freeze what strength she might have had left. She felt suddenly weak, shaking in every limb.

He stared at her, and the cold fury in his eyes held her spellbound.

"Very well, my dear Otelia," his voice was like the fine edge of a sword. "If we you must be taught a lesson. Do you realize that you might have killed me, your king? For that you would have been publicly hung in the market square. The penalty, even for attempting my life, is death. But I will be merciful. You will not die. Yet you will be punished."

As he finished speaking he strode across the room. In the grip of a horrible fascination she watched him take down a hunting crop from the wall. Then, as though in a nightmare, she saw him approach, the cruel whip grasped in his right hand.

Instinctively she shrank back, but as she did so he sprang forward ripping away the flimsy dress from her shoulders. He raised the whip.

Otelia cried out once as the first lash descended, a low, pathetic sob. After that she was silent. Pride held her silent and a bitter sense of humiliation that was even crueler to bear than the sting of the whip.

Mercifully she was scarcely conscious of those next few seconds. But all at once she realized that Boris had paused, as though startled by an unexpected sound. She saw him turn, his face dark with anger; but he was glaring, not at her, but at the door.

"Who is it?" he growled.

Then for the first time she became conscious of a loud persistent rapping at the door and of a voice on the other side which demanded entrance.

Boris lowered his whip and swung towards the door.

"The King is not to be disturbed," he thundered.

The rapping ceased and Boris turned again to Otelia. But he paused for the rapping had started again, this time against the window. For a moment Boris' anger was so overwhelming that he was unable even to speak. Before he found his voice again there came a sudden crash, and a splintering of glass. The window had been smashed.

A man sprang through that window and as Otelia recognized him her eyes dilated with amazement and gladness.

"Who are you to dare ," Boris began but as he too recognized the intruder the words died on his lips.

"Robin! Oh, Robin!" Otelia cried. "Thank heaven you've come in time." With her last ounce of strength she ran instinctively towards him.

But Boris had stepped between them. He seemed to have regained some control over himself. Only the black flames in his eyes betrayed the depth of his rage.

"Not so fast, my little wife," he spoke with a queer quietness which was somehow more terrifying even than his uncontrolled anger. "I should not I warn you, my friend, have something to say about this little [illegible] which have obviously made with your lover?"

CHAPTER VII.
A Futile Attempt

FOR a moment a tense, strained silence reigned in the room. Robin was staring from one to the other of them as though he couldn't completely grasp the situation. Presently he ejaculated, his voice suddenly husky:

"Did you call her your wife?" Boris growled. "Yes, I said my wife ..Have you any objection?"

Robin passed a hand wearily over his forehead. Otelia noticed how tired he looked, as though he had been traveling day and night. She caught his eyes upon herself and, in sudden embarrassment she tried to pull her torn dress [illegible] the scrap had left upon her smooth white shoulders.

"I don't know that you had married Miss Wayne, Robin answered [illegible]

In fact when I was in the Capital last week I heard them announce your future marriage with the Princess Father of [illegible]

What has that to do with you?" Boris growled. "Otelia is my affair. But we were married. I can assure you. That was before I knew of my uncle's death. If now that I am King the State insists that I marry a member of a royal family, is that my fault? For the present at any rate Otelia is my wife and I will not have you, or anyone else [illegible]

"I warned you not to marry Miss Wayne," Robin said in a low tone. "I warned you of the impossibility of such a situation occurring ..You had no right to marry her, in the circumstances."

A dark flush rose to Boris' features. "Who are you to talk to me of right?" he stormed. "I had a right to take this girl in any way I wanted her...Who is she anyhow that you should put her on a pedestal...a girl who has been your mistress ."

"Don't say it, Boris!" Robin's good looking face was white with [illegible] "You know it as well as I [illegible]

"You will pay for [illegible] But Otelia [illegible] by such [illegible] And may I remind you that Otelia [illegible] all [illegible] But in America. Do you think I believed your feeble excuses at the time?"

A slow flush rose to Otelia's face, that had been deathly white a moment ago. "Why did you marry me, since you believed that?" she asked in a low throbbing voice.

Boris looked down at her, and at the cynical smile on his face she felt her fingers tingle to strike him.

"Because I happened to want you, my dear." His voice was low and cutting. "I wanted you so much that I chose to blind myself to your- your past indiscretions. There was nought Otelia's, as the girl asking her what he had to [illegible] gave towards [illegible] She felt so weak from the [illegible] of it all that she could scarcely [illegible] Not whatever [illegible] Boris might [illegible] gave her.

"Robin," she whispered. "Don't leave me...Please don't go I- I—"

Do as I tell you, Westover," Boris' voice was cut with command. "I [illegible]

(Continued on Page 20)

ATTACK THESE 5 CONDITIONS TONIGHT

HAVE *SPARKLING* TEETH

1. HARD-TO-CLEAN TEETH
2. LACK-LUSTRE TEETH
3. STAINED TEETH
4. FLABBY GUMS
5. COATED TONGUE

Special formula in tooth paste gives astonishing results

If you have any of the troubles shown here, start to fight them at once with Listerine Tooth Paste. Thousands say it is superior to old-fashioned pastes and powders.

This dentifrice contains a remarkable combination of cleansing and polishing agents. [illegible] remove stubborn deposits from hard-to-reach teeth. They take off ugly stains. They help to sweep away those unpleasant deposits known a[illegible] The latter is properly [illegible] brilliance and luster [illegible] always wanted. [illegible] give gums needed [illegible] paste now. You will [illegible] after a very few brushings.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. [illegible], Mo.

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick-drying, [illegible] entirely soapless tooth powder worthy [illegible] Listerine name.

Listerine TOOTH POWDER • 2½ oz. 25¢

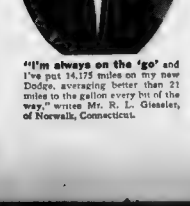
25¢ REGULAR LARGE SIZE
DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

"Every Dodge owner I know is getting 18 to 24 miles per gallon"

ANDY SANNELLA
Hartsdale, N. Y.

"It doesn't seem possible that such a big comfortable car can cost so little to run," Mr. Sannella says. "A number of my friends are Dodge owners and all of them tell me they are getting from 18 to 24 miles per gallon, too. And economy isn't all Dodge also has a safety all steel body and hydraulic brakes." Mr. Sannella is owner of a radio station in Hartsdale and has been a well-known orchestra leader and radio star for years.



"I'm always on the 'go' and I've put 34,175 miles on my new Dodge, averaging better than 21 miles to the gallon every bit of the way," writes Mr. R. L. Giessler, of Norwalk, Connecticut.

"I've got plenty of friends who own small cars, but none of them saves money the way my new Dodge does," says Mrs. Gertrude Regal, of New York. "I get from 3 to 5 more miles per gallon of gas than they do, and my oil costs are as much as 20% less."

"We switched to Dodge when we heard how economical it is to operate," explains Mr. John Teano, of Astoria, Long Island, New York. "It is even better than we expected—we actually get 22 miles per gallon. And we like everything else about our Dodge, too."

My Dodge gives me 23 miles per gallon—Saves 19% on oil"

Says Andy Sannella, Hartsdale, N.Y.

Star of "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" Radio Program

"A NUMBER of my friends are Dodge owners and all of them tell me they are getting from 18 to 24 miles per gallon, too," Mr. Sannella explained. And wherever you go you hear Dodge owners talking about the sensational economy of their new Dodges. They tell how this big, luxurious car actually costs less to own than small cars of competitive makes. They say the New-Value Dodge will save them enough on gas, oil and upkeep to quickly make up the slight difference in first cost.

And Dodge gives you more than economy. It gives you the only "Airglide Ride" and Synchromatic driving control . . . genuine hydraulic brakes and safety all-steel body . . . big, roomy, spacious interiors . . . high, wide, comfortable seats . . . and balanced weight. Drive the New-Value Dodge today. Ask your dealer to give you the free economy test.

"My friends are astonished at the economy of my Dodge," says Mrs. Herbert Hanley, of San Francisco, California. "Some of them own small cars, and I get up to five more miles per gallon of gas than they do."

DODGE DIVISION—CHRYSLER MOTORS

This advertisement endorsed by the Department of Engineering—Chrysler Motors

New Value DODGE now only $645*

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

*NEW-VALUE DODGE Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $770. Dodge trucks $365 and up. *List prices at factory. Delivered, subject to change without notice. Special low down payments. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

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DANDRUFF humiliated me terribly. I used all sorts of things but they only irritated down my hair and never seemed to wash out. Then I discovered Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo—a marvelous way to remove every particle of dandruff quickly, easily—*as I wash my hair*

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After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

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Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

Five, Ten—And Up

by George Allan England

A Gripping Story of Love, Diamonds and Mystery

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

DIZZY BIX, the night clerk of the Gaudy Hotel, a dilapidated old dump in the Tenderloin district, is awakened by Mrs. Hogarth, N. Y. society matron, who tells him that her necklace of pearls has been stolen. Mike the Mooch Mullins leaps on the unconscious old lady and runs away, but before getting very far is recognized by Jim Lil, the Vanderwater chauffeur. Jim, instead of losing his nerve, makes a night of it, goes into a nearby Five & Ten store and hangs the necklace on a rack on the counter, outside, he calls a taxi and instructs her to drive to the store and buy all the goods in sight.

Meanwhile Patty Woodrow of the Five & Ten, who is engaged to Jim, finds the necklace on the jewelry counter and, not knowing that it belongs to Mrs. Hogarth, thinks it is a present from Jim. Patty is overjoyed and tells her friend Lil. Lil promises she will not tell Jim that Patty has found the necklace, but instead will buy a necklace to dazzle Jim. Lil arrives at the Five & Ten to see the Vanderwater necklace about Patty's throat and she tries to buy it but is refused.

The band-makers offer a twenty-five-thousand-dollar reward and no questions asked for the return of the diamonds.

Lil arranges to keep in touch with Mike by phone and trails the two girls and their escorts to Joyland. There Jim recognizes Carol's necklace as the stolen one. Not daring to tell her the truth, he hurries out and buys a rhinestone necklace which he trades Carol for her cheap string.

With a daring plan in mind Lil presents a rhinestone necklace also. Mike and four gunmen join her as the foursome, the Vanderwater diamonds safely in Jim's pocket, start for Broadway. They follow to the Knickerbocker Arms.

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued).

War.

RIGID with excitement, Mike the Mooch sat behind the wheel while Lil gave final instructions.

"You stay here till you lamp me gettin' clear of 'em. Then I'll slip along to the next corner and you can slide down an' pick me up. An' it'll all be over but the shoutin'."

"Yeah, but how the—?"

"That's my business, you dope! An' if you had brains enough to see through it, you wouldn't be chaufferin'!" To herself she added: "An' what's more, you wouldn't think you'd ever pick me up again, after I once got my paws on that ice!"

With now no further word, she started down the street toward the Kenstone Arms.

Her thoughts were of the most pleasing. Inside of a few minutes now she very confidently expected the Vanderwater diamonds would be reposing safely in her pocket. And then—then—!

A quick hike to the next corner and round it. And would she wait for Mike and the mob to pack her up?

"Don't make me laugh!" Lil answered that mental question

No; she would jump a taxi, and simply fade out. Away from Mike the Mooch, forever—away from New York—a swift exit from all the old, sordid, perilous life! Mike and the others would be left holding the bag; while she, she would be on her way, winging to the Coast, Hawaii. Heaven knows where—away to a new and glittering life of ease, comfort, luxury, fine clothes, and above all unlimited "snow!"

Her heart beating thickly in the grip of this wondrous plan, now really more than half-crazy with emotions more violent than she had ever known, Lil slid along the sparsely-populated and half-lighted sidewalk toward her prey.

In front of the Kenstone Arms the huge car was standing. Its dark panels a-gleam. On the sidewalk something like a lovers' quarrel seemed in progress. Had you judged that Carol Harrison was still more than a little vexed, you'd not have been far off the mark.

"I've a great mind—" she was saying.

"Oh, yeah?" from Jim. "When I think what kinds o' minds girls have, it's a wonder any guys ever can stand 'em!"

"Well, you don't have to stand me, Mr. Foster! An' next time I go out with you, it'll be no one cold day—you know what I mean!"

"Stop it, you two!" commanded Patty. "I never in all my life—"

Into this scene a girl unsteadily entered: a thin girl in a plaid pastel dress and a white quintine straw hat; a girl who stopped a moment, smiled foolishly and passed a hand over her eyes, then again lurched forward.

"Scuse me, dearie," she mouthed, addressing herself to Patty, "but could you tell me whash street this is?"

"Huh?" demanded Pat.

"I push don't seem to—make it —'scuse me—but—"

She swayed a little toward Patty, laid a hand on the girl's

"Well, sister," Pat laughed, "seems like there's quite a heavy sea runnin', ain't there? Pity poor sailors, a wild night like this —'specially when they're carryin' a heavy load!"

"Load?" queried the newcomer. "Whatcha mean, load? You mean to infer I—? But ne' mind! Am I on my way, or ain't I? Thas's what I wanta know!"

"Take it in low," interposed Jim. "Where you bound for, sister?"

"Sisser!" she hiccoughed. "Thas's a good one. Me, your sisser? Ha-ha! Say, red-top, I ain't bound nowhere, an' how d'you get there? Maybe I'm there now! Maybe we're all there!" She staggered heavily against Carol, clutched at her as if to steady herself. "Oh, boy, my head!"

Snap went the clasp of Carol's rhinestone string. In that half-light, the beads skidded along the sidewalk.

"Oh, shorry!" gulped the interloper, and scrabbled for them. "Now shee what I done. Shorry!"

"Hey, that'll be about all for you!" angrily cried Jim. He too made a scoop for the beads, but the girl already had them. A moment she swayed there, masking her hands from sight. Then she swung round, unsteadily, with a white necklace dangling from fingers that shook.

"'Scuse me, sisser!" she almost wept. "Here y'are! Oh, my bean, my poor bean—!"

"Here, gimme!" cried Carol, snatching the beads and thrusting them angrily into her pocket "If you know what's good for you, start travelin'!"

"Aw ri'—be on my way—to nowhere!"

She turned, was just about to lurch away, off toward the corner farthest from the lurking taxi, when Jimmy grabbed her arm and gripped it hard.

"No, you don't!" he exclaimed. "There's somethin' wrong here, an' I wanta know what it is!"

"Forget it, Jimmy," Pat warned. "We don't want no trouble with this dame. Carol's got her beads back again, ain't she?"

"Yeah, maybe, but that ain't the point! Thus jane is up to some kind of a racket. She's got no booze on her breath, an' she ain't no more soused than I am! What's her little game? I'm goin' to find out, or bust!"

"You get your paws off me!" snarled Lil. "Or else—"

"You're tellin' me? Carol, give this dame a look-over, an' see if she's pinched anything off you. Else you go get a cop!"

"Leggo!" Savagely Lil now struggled. Her role of tipsy good-humor fell swiftly away. "If you don't—"

He gripped her only more tightly.

"Ed, get a move on you, there, for a cop!"

And now, taking closer cognizance of the girl, vague recognition dawned on Jim. Mike the Mooch's jane! But what the—?

Jimmy could understand little of what was in the wind, but realizations of trouble woke in him. What might the connection be? Mike had snatched the diamonds from "the madam," and now here was Mike's frail trying to frisk a string of beads from Carol.

Trouble, with a big, big T! Jimmy shied off, like a startled mustang. Suddenly, all he wanted was to let the frail go—the quicker and farther the better!

"Never mind the cop, Ed," he negatived his order. "She's only a nut. Let her go!" With a shove, he released her. "Beat it, sister. Scram!"

"Ah, you—!"

Lil, now free, would have evaporated. All she wanted, too, was just a speedy getaway. She would have blown, right enough; but, alas, Carol had caught an identifying glimpse of that thin, heavily made-up face

"Hold on!" exclaimed Carol. "I know this jane! She tried to buy my beads, once already today!"

"It's a lie!" retorted Lil, terror-smitten. For now (as she believed) with the diamonds already in her pocket, any accusation, any argument might prove fatal. "I never laid an eye on this baby, in my life!"

"You did, so!" Carol stood to her guns. "This afternoon, at the store! Just before closin'-time. You offered me a buck an' a half, for a twenty-five-cent string—"

"Ah, nerts!"

"Nerts yourself!" Carol now was surging into battle. She jerked from her pocket the beads that Lil had just handed her, narrowly inspected them. "Jim, Jim! These aren't mine, at all—not the ones you gave me, at all! This little devil has switched another string on me, and—"

"Go on, y're full o' hop!" snarled Lil. She turned to flee, but already Carol had gripped her with a strong, plump hand.

"No, you don't! Jim! Help—!"

Viciously Lil struck with a hard, bony fist. She cried, "Why, you little—!"

Slap went Carol's palm across that thin and crimson mouth.

"I'll teach you to call me a—!"

"Here, now!" cried Jim, sick at heart with dread of any mix-up at this critical moment. He tried to thrust between them, while Patty sought some opening to land on the enemy; and poor dumb Eddie could only stammer:

"Aw now, you—here—what's the idea? Cut it out!"

But now—even though Lil had not given her whistle, the signal for interference—down the sidewalk came scouting a sinister little knot of four determined-looking men. The ruction in progress had by no means escaped their notice. Now they were massing for attack, for the drag-down and if necessary the kill

"Look out, boys!" Carol shrilly cried. "Here's a gang after us—lets' beat it in the house, quick, quick!"

"Me, beat it?" growled Jim, his red-headed fighting-blood already on the boil. "Catch me, beatin it! Come on, Ed—let's see what this fresh mob wants!"

Ed may have been slow with his wits, but nobody had ever yet accused him of being slow with his fists—not twice, anyhow. The Pastime A. A. had no more promising amateur pug. Truculently, with Jim, he faced the on-coming menace

"Well, what do you guys want?" he demanded.

Jim pushed Carol and Patty toward the steps.

"Inside for yours!" he commanded. "We'll take care o' this!"

"Hey, you!" demanded Mike the Mooch. "What you doin' to my dame?" He garnished the question with a gutter-oath.

"Look a' here, you!" Jim countered, advancing. "She may be your dame, or the devil's, but she's been tryin' to put somethin' over on my girl friend, an' that don't go down, see?"

"Oh, so it's you, eh?" Mike sneered. "Little Jimmy, the millionaire chauffeur!" His three unsavory lieutenants closed in. "The silk-stockin'

"That's enough for you!" Jim interrupted, with a sinking sensation in the belly as he recognized Mike. "I know you, Mooch, an' the less trouble you make for yourself, the better. Take a tip, fella, an' blow!"

"Fat chance!"

"Say, look! If anybody comes huntin' trouble, me an' my friend here sort of help 'em divide it, see?"

"A lot you'll do!"

"Go on—take your skirt an' your friends, an' scram before—"

"Before what?" slavered Mike, full of dope and venom, while beside him growled and cursed his henchmen. "Come on now, before what, you—?"

"Which one 'll I sock first?" laughed Ed, scenting battle. His big fists doubled and swung.

"Inside, you two!" Jim once more commanded the girls, but neither would budge. Their fighting-blood, too, was up and boiling.

"Come on, the four o' you gorillas," Ed earnestly invited. "I can kayo twice as many, 'vith one mitt tied!"

"Soak 'em, Mike!" from Lil "They insulted me, a perfect lady, the——! Said I was workin' a racket on 'em!" Now she too lusted battle above all else. The "snow" that had dissolved in her blood made warfare alluring. "You goin' to stand there an see a lady insulted like this?"

Growling, but not yet quite venturing to jump in, the ugly four crowded closer still.

"Listen!" cried Carol, at them "This jane switched some beads, on me. She's got mine in her pocket, right now!"

"A lie! I ain't!"

"Mike, you tell her to show 'em!" Jimmy exclaimed. "Make her show up!"

"Who says so?" retorted Mike, while Lil vociferated:

"It's a plant!"

But Jim, his scant patience ended, turned on Lil. From her pocket he snatched beads, held them out to Mike.

"Look, y'rself!" cried he. "There's what she pinched off my girl, an' switched some slum on her!"

At sight of the beads, Mike was temporarily diverted from thoughts of war. His mind whirled with vicious greed. From Jimmy's hand he jerked the beads, peered at them a moment with drug-contracted pupils, then spewed a blasphemy.

"But these—these is slum!" he choked. Savagely he rounded on Lil. "Look a' here, you—what's this you're tryin' to put over on me? You're holdin' out on me, you rat! Where's the real goods?"

Dazed, Lil could only stare and gasp—

"Slum? These? But—they're what she had on!"

"Somebody's doin' a lot o' lyin', round here!" guessed Mike, his face a demon's. "These here ain't worth the powder to blow 'em!"

Furiously Lil shook a fist at Carol, vociferating: "She's still got the ice, then! Workin' some kind of a flimflam, here—still got the ice, an'—"

"Come on, sister!" Mike demanded. "Show up the beads you grabbed off my dame!"

"But I—I didn't—an' anyhow, who d'you think you're talkin' to, an' ——?"

"Cut it out!" cried Jim. "That's my girl, an' you ain't goin' to ask her nothin'!"

"I'll ask her anything I wanta, an' who's goin' to stop me, you ——?"

Jim's answer was a tooth-smashing right-hander full to Mike's thin, wolfish mouth. And red war blazed.

CHAPTER IX.

Forward, the Light Brigade!

A WAR confused and desperate that was, without distinction of sex—red, primeval war, in which the squaws fought beside their braves.

As Mike sprawled along the sidewalk, One-Ear and Louie the Louse sprang for Jim, while Ed was downing Fritzer. Carol and Patty launched an attack on Lil, who screeched and fought back like the harpy she was.

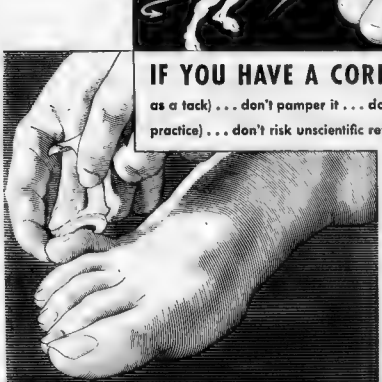
Jim crumpled under the impact of two foes, but dragged them down with him. They battled, prone. One of his sleeves ripped.

(Continued on Page 19)

IF YOU *DID* HAVE A TACK IN YOUR TOE

You would very quickly remove it . . . carefully . . . so as to avoid INFECTION

IF YOU HAVE A CORN (which can be as painful as a tack) . . . don't pamper it . . . don't cut or pare it (dangerous practice) . . . don't risk unscientific remedies. REMOVE THE CORN COMPLETELY . . . but only in this perfectly safe way.



• A corn is not a thing to neglect. It can cause too much pain and trouble. It can turn a cheerful person into an old grouch.

The proper way to treat a corn is to *remove it.* But this removal should only be done in a *safe, scientific way.* Cutting or paring is a very dangerous practice — which might lead to infection. Nor should harsh or unscientific remedies be tried.

There is one safe, easy method of corn removal that has been used successfully by 30,000,000 former corn sufferers. It is Blue-Jay. The pain stops the moment you apply Blue-Jay. The soft pad cushions the corn against shoe pressure. The pad is held in place by the strip of Wet-Pruf adhesive — waterproof, soft, kid-like finish, doesn't cling to stocking. In the meantime, while you walk in complete comfort, the mild Blue-Jay medication is undermining the corn. After 3 days the corn lifts right out.

You can have every confidence in Blue-Jay. It is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing manufacturer. *It costs little, 25c at all druggists.*

Why a Corn Hurts A corn is shaped like a cone, with the small end pointing to the toe. This inverted cone, under pressure from the shoe, presses against sensitive nerves, which carry pain sensations to the brain and central nervous system. That's why a corn seems to "hurt all over."

How to Stop the Pain Center the gentle Blue-Jay medication **(A)** directly over the corn itself. The pad **(B)** is held securely in place with the special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip **(C)** (waterproof, soft, kid like finish, does not clog to stocking). You can stop the agonizing pain of a corn immediately, simply by putting on a Blue-Jay. The pad is soft to greatest possible comfort — set snugly enough to be unnoticed under smart shoes.

How to Remove the Corn After Blue-Jay has been on for 3 days, remove the pad, soak it (also in warm water, and you lift the corn right out. It is gone, never to pain you again. The Blue-Jay medication is absolutely safe . . . a mild and gentle in its action of slowly undermining the corn.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

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How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair In 3 Minutes

Without Making It Grow Faster, Coarser or Stubbier

OH BOY!
YOU CAN SEE RIGHT THRU HER NOSE THE SAME AS IF SHE HAD NONE AT ALL. BUT WATCH ME! IT'LL TAKE ME ONLY A MINUTE TO MAKE IT ALL FALL OUT. IT'S EASY TO DO
THERE! AS IF BY MAGIC! HOW'S THAT FOR A QUICK, EASY, LOVELY JOB? I DON'T SMELL BAD 'EM NOT MESSY AND THERE'S NO DANGER OF ME CAUSING A COARSE STUBBY NEW GROWTH! DON'T WHAT? YOU OUGHT TO TRY ME RIGHT NOW!

Hair Simply Falls Out This Easy, New Way

NO RAZOR; no dread of causing a stiffer, faster, stubble-like new growth. No messy pastes or powders; no red skin and no terribly offensive odor, strong enough to "smell up your whole house." Instead a marvelous *liquid* discovery, entirely new to most women, that makes hair fall right out and leaves "no dark hair root shadow." A new, quick, 3-minute easy way that is as harmless as washing your skin with soap and water—a way that simply cannot make hair grow faster, stiffer or coarser, because it actually discourages the growth of hair itself. See the ugly, hairy skin replaced by the soft, smooth beauty of a clear, hair-free skin.

And get rid of ugly leg or arm hair entirely without encouraging a coarse stubble-like new growth

What To Do

There are just two simple easy things to do. First put skin lightly with De Miracle, as this new miraculous-like *liquid* discovery is called—wait 2 or 3 minutes, then wash hair away with water—pleasant, easy, quick and inexpensive. See how smooth, clear, youthful and free of hair it leaves your skin. Be happier and perhaps more unafraid of letting others see your skin than you ever have in your life.

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Will you test DE MIRACLE without risking a cent? Then get a bottle of DE MIRACLE at any drug or department store today. 60c, $1 and $2 sizes. It is sold under our positive guarantee that you must be more than pleased and satisfied with the wonderful results or your money back for the asking. Get your bottle and make your test today.

Leaves no pore hair Just Follows

De Miracle

Makes Hair Fall Out

Here's the way to treat

ATHLETE'S FOOT

At the first sign of redness between the toes, apply cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. It promptly kills the fungus that causes Athlete's Foot. Don't waste time with substitutes. Get the genuine. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Economical to use, little goes far.

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Five, Ten—And Up

by George Allan England

(Continued from Page 18)

He tasted blood, saw pinwheels and Roman candles.

"Cops!" screamed Carol. "Help! Police!"

Lil struggled clear, panting: "Mike! Grab her! She knows where the ice is!"

But Mike was only groggily staggering to his feet again. Ed swung on him, then rocked as Louie, now clear and once more up, landed a haymaker on his jaw. Someone tore his collar and tie away.

A confused, indeterminate, free-for-all swirled there on the sidewalk. Shouts, cries echoed from windows and along the street. A crowd began clotting. Feet pounded. Police-whistles shrilled, far down at the corner.

In Mike's fist, as he swayed, something metallic glinted—a gat. Lil smashed it from his grasp.

"Nix!" she panted. "None o' that! The jane—she knows where the rocks are! Grab her—an' let's blow!"

Jim was only vaguely conscious that Carol—stifled from screaming—was being dragged by Mike and his woman toward the limousine. He heaved himself up, lurched at dim figures that wavered and danced; stumbled as something that seemed a pile-driver crashed on his neck.

He heard a gasping cry: "Jim—Jim!" Punch-drunk, he felt the world a-spin.

In a nightmare, he dimly sensed that Carol was being thrust into the limousine. A door slammed—the car leaped away.

Jim's dazed eye caught, in the gutter, the gleam of something that winked and sparkled.

The Vanderwater gems!

In the battle they had fallen from his pocket, been kicked like so much trash across the sidewalk. Dizzily he scooped them up, crammed them back into his pocket again.

Panting, bleeding and with torn coat, he sprang in pursuit. He pelted full-drive after the now speeding car. Patty and Ed, dishevelled, gasping, remained as the nucleus of a gathering crowd.

"No cops in this, for mine!" realized Jim. To be held and questioned by the police might be fatal. Every second counted, was golden, in the rescue of Carol. Direct action now, and of the swiftest—this dominated his one-track mind.

Dirt and blood smeared his face. Hatless, with one sleeve ripped nearly off, he ran. He hailed a cruising taxi.

"Hey there, fella!" He jumped aboard. "That big limousine—after it—your own price—!"

The chase was on.

But almost at once, that chase grew aimless. The limousine—where had it vanished? Traffic had swallowed it. Not all Jim's strained and eager peering in the night could distinguish any glimpse of it. The taxi-driver twisted round, demanded:

"See anythin' of it? I don't!"

Swiftly Jim thought. Mike's dump, that must be where Mike and Lil would take Carol, to torture from her information about the diamonds. Yes, but just where was the dump? Jim knew only that it was somewhere up near the Manhattan West Garage.

Another factor in the case—Jim was now almost broke. Joyland had set him back, plenty. Only about three dollars remained in his pocket. Three measly little bucks—and a diamond necklace worth more than a hundred thousand!

Yes, but one can't pay taxi-drivers with diamonds, without running certain risks.

"Lemme think, now—lemme think!"

The result of Jim's thinking was a curt order:

"Swing up Tenth, till I tell you to stop!"

"O. K., fella!"

This move, Jim felt, was at least a step in the right direction. He fought back rage and panic, sick terror as to what might even now be happening to Carol—and still more, what might yet happen. Desperately he forced himself to think:

"Mike keeps his bus at the Manhattan West. I can get a line on him there, if I work it right!"

Another idea struck him. He ordered: "Stop at that next drug-store, ahead there!"

"O. K.!"

In a Nightmare, Jim Dimly Sensed That Carol Was Being Thrust Into the Limousine.

A tough-looking bird indeed he was, as he entered the pharmacy.

"Well, brother, what the blazes you been up to?" asked the clerk.

"Tryin' to lick somebody. Got any good liniment?"

"You'll need more 'n liniment. Your lip's cut, bad. Better see a doctor."

"Know any doc that's open, this time o' night?"

"Hotel Dorflinger, next block—they got a house-physician."

"Thanks! Me for him. But now—gimme some paper an' a pencil, an envelope, too." He chucked a quarter on the counter. "Step on it!"

Amazed and dubious, the clerk obeyed. Jim with a shaking hand scrawled this message:

Mike, easy on the jane! She ain't got the you-know-what. Don't hurt her, and you'll get the stuff O. K.

Friend.

Purposely he made this note illiterate-appearing, and disguised his writing to a sort of rough print. He sealed the message in the envelope, printed the name: MR. MICHAEL MULLINS thereon, and stuck it in his pocket.

"Now me for the doc," he nodded to the clerk, as he took his change. "Thanks!"

"Well, let's go," said Jim. "Uptown!"

"Listen, guy," the chauffeur answered, with some suspicion, as he set his machine rolling. "Having had a number of dodges already worked on him, he had become canny. "What's the racket?"

"I'm a chauffeur, myself," Jim confided. "I work for a big bug with plenty of jack. I'm in a jam. I had the boss' car out for the evening—the limousine I tried to follow—and somebody went an' borrowed it on me." Carefully he suppressed any hint as to a girl in the case. "Now then, if I can't just happen to get that bus back again, where's my job? An' how about my doin' time, too, maybe?"

"Tough break, kid," the taxi-man sympathized. "But I ain't chauffeurin' fer my health. I s'pose next thing I know, you'll spring it on me you're busted, an' I gotta run you round all night an' write it on the cuff. Nix on that, brother! I wasn't born in Sapville, an' if it's a charity drive you're headin' in fer, we'll go into low right now, an' you can pound the sidewalk!"

"Forget that! I got plenty of jack. You'll get yours, buddy, an' a fat rake-off extra, if you'll stick with me an' play the game."

"What you mean, game?"

"I know who's eloped with the boss' car," Jim explained, as the taxi spun along through alternate shadows and then street-corner lights. "He's a chauffeur, too. I know where he keeps his bus, but I don't know where he lives."

"Well, how do I fit in this here jigsaw puzzle? Which piece am I?"

"I got a letter in my pocket that'll land him. You deliver it at the garage for me."

"Oh, I do, hey? Why 'n you deliver it, yourself?"

"I dassent. They know me there, an' I might get another beatin' or two."

"Humph! Well, brother, you don't really need no more beatin's, an' that's a fact," the taxi-man judged. "But what do I drag down, if I deliver this here letter you're talkin' about?"

"Five bucks whisper to you?"

"Make it a sawbuck, an' it'll shout!"

"You're on, kid!" Jim tried to speak lightly, but his heart was pounding with sick dread of what might even now be happening to Carol. Mentally he was cursing the ill-fated evening's entertainment, the diamonds, everything. What did they matter, what did anything matter, with Carol snatched, and—? He forced himself to continue:

"Now then, the guy that pinched the limousine—his name is Mike Mullins. Mike the Mooch, is his moniker. Hard baby. Know him?"

"No. There's plenty hard babies in this village, an' he's one I missed. Anyhow, Mike the Mooch—that sounds tough enough to be interestin'. Maybe you better make that fifteen, brother."

"O. K., if I get a line on Mike! So, step on it!" But inwardly he was steaming: "How the deuce am I going to raise fifteen bucks, tonight?"

The only possible answer lay in his pocket—one of those infernal diamonds! Yes, but all the pawnshops were closed, by this time. A swell jam!

"Say, fella!"

"Huh?" grunted the taxi-man.

"Know any place I—I could stick up—a ring?"

"All the uncles is shut up now."

"Yeah, I know, but there might be a back fence, or two?"

"Mebbe."

"Hand me the right steer, an' you won't lose out."

"All right, kid. But my rake-off 's gotta be good..."

Some few minutes later, Jim was standing at a counter in a small, dingy room with close-shuttered windows, confronting a small, dingy person with greasy whiskers and all even more greasy round skull-cap of black cambric. Jim was asking:

"Well, Unk, how about a bit o' change for a piece of genuine ice?"

"Gif me a look, once. Den I tell you."

Jim laid on the counter the smallest diamond from one end of the necklace, now broken. The "fence" took it up, scrutinized it closely, rubbed it between appraising thumb and forefinger—since the "feel" of a genuine diamond is one of its surest tests. He scratched the glass of a show-case with it, then screwed a glass into one eye and studied the gem for possible flaws. None existed! The stone was first-water.

"Vell!" And Unk removed the glass from his blinky little eye. He glanced sharply at Jim's dirty and bruised face, with traces still of blood on it. He noted the cut lip, all swollen and puffy, the torn sleeve and smeared coat, lack of collar and tie.

"How 'bout it?" demanded Jim.

"Ve do heezness, maybe."

"Fine! How much for the rock?"

"Vell—de vay you come, an' all—an' no guarantee you own it—twenty-fife dollars."

"Gimme my stone! You gotta talk real money, to interest me!" And Jim held out his hand for the diamond.

"Vait a minute! Tirty-fife."

"Look a' here, Unk. I'm in a hurry, so let's cut out the stallin'. Fifty, an' done!"

"All right—for you, feefty." The fence opened a safe, deposited the diamond in it, counted out bills into Jim's eager grasp. "Und if you got any more like dot, come to me."

"Sure will! Now then, got any guns?"

"Guns?"

"Yeah! Gats, pawned with you."

"Vell, I might haf."

"I don't give a hoot what you might have!" Jim's bunged-up eyes, one of them developing a handsome shiner, glinted with hot eagerness. "I'm askin', have you? If so, trot 'em out!"

Uncle hesitated. Trouble, he saw, was brewing. Long years of having closely skimmed the edges of the law had made him wary as a weasel.

"I don't vant to get mixed up in no—"

"You won't get mixed up in nothin'! No matter what happens, nobody 'll ever know I got a rod here!"

"Vell—"

"Oh, for cheese' sake, get a move on!"

"See here, young feller! I ain't so anxious to go sellin' you no gun, und maybe haf you stickin' me up, right avay, und—"

"Ah, forget that! A guy has just kidnaped my girl, an' I'm goin' to—but never mind! It ain't small game like you I'm after, Uncle. Trot out your cannons!"

Somewhat reassured, the ancient produced some.

"O. K." approved Jim. "Got ammunition to fit any o' these?"

"Not so fast, mein friend. How much you pay me for a gun?"

"And ammunition! Well, what d'you want?"

They dickered, the price finally being set at fifteen dollars. But now the fact developed that Uncle had no cartridges!

"Well," demanded Jim, in a fever of impatience, anxiety and rage, "what good is a gun without ammunition?"

"I know," assented Uncle, "but I ain't runnin' no gun-store. Folks, dey sometimes pawns a gun mit me, but no cartridges, so you see—"

"Go on, have another look!"

Uncle had another look, messing about in the cluttered, dirty little shop. Finally, after several eternities, he dug up some broken boxes.

A moment, and Jim's exultation faded in sick despair.

"Blanks!" he gulped.

Blanks, indeed. No more sorry jest of Fate could have been played on him. Sweat beaded his forehead. His hands shook, as feverishly he examined the box. Blanks, all blanks! The air grew sulphurous.

"Maybe it is bedder, so," Uncle philosophized, with hand rubbings. "Now you can't kill nobody, und—"

"Ah, you be hanged! Gimme!"

Jim swept the blanks into his pocket, together with the gun they fitted. On a pinch, they'd have to serve. He turned to the door.

"I'll be back for that sparkler, Unk!" he warned. "You'll stick me, sure, but I gotta have it back, see? Remember! Don't you dare sell it!"

"All right, mein friend. Und any time you vant to do a leedle more heezness—"

But Jim was out and away.

"All right, fella!" he exclaimed to the chauffeur, as he leaped into the taxi beside him. "Get goin'..."

"All set?" demanded the driver. "Got jack enough?"

Into his hand Jim thrust a couple of ten-spots.

"Here's a starter for you, buddy!"

"Only a starter, though," the chauffeur retorted, as his cab growled ahead. "Bet you're all rodded up now?"

"Well—"

"Then count me out, brother! I ain't aimin' to get jammed in no game where there's fire-works!"

Jim slipped him another five.

"You won't get jammed. You'll be out of it, an' gone, before any blastin' starts, an' there may not be any, at that. Stick along, kid!"

"Well, oke—till the goin' gets rough. Then me for an out!"

"All you gotta do is just deliver this letter, I'm tellin' you!" Jim drew from his pocket the note he had written in the drug-store, thrust it into the chauffeur's pocket. "You just go in the Manhattan West Garage, ask for Mike Mullins' address, an' deliver the letter there. Then blow! Get me?"

"Yes, but—"

"An' be sure you don't tell anybody who gave you the letter. Don't give anybody my description, nor—"

"I'm wise. But s'posin' there ain't nobody knows where this here Mike lives?" demanded the chauffeur, while his machine buzzed along north. "What then?"

"Oh, somebody at the garage will know, all right."

"O. K. I'll deliver the letter. Want an answer?"

"No answer. Just deliver it!"

The taximan mentally chewed this over and thought little good of it, but kept on. Presently he swung 'crosstown. There, about two blocks ahead, they saw an electric sign: MANHATTAN WEST GARAGE.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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Have Holland Help You SAVE Your Furnace

Holland Engineers Are Real Furnace Doctors

By Catching Little Things In The Nick Of Time They Have Added Years To The Life Of Thousands Of Faithful Old Furnaces

Holland's Free Inspection Service—Gives You Easy Way To Check Up On Your Whole Heating System

IF YOU'VE a furnace you're worried about—perhaps it groaned a bit through last winter's pull—

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There is absolutely no expense or obligation involved in this service. Holland maintains direct factory branches in more than 380 cities, and is anxious to keep its crew of experienced heating engineers and mechanics on the job building good will for the Holland name.

PHONE YOUR NEAREST HOLLAND OFFICE

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HOLLAND FURNACE COMPANY
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

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And be all means *don't* delay. Fall is just around the corner, and you should give your furnace its inspection and going over if it needs it—now—before the fall rush.

CLIP THIS COUPON SO YOU WON'T FORGET

HOLLAND FURNACE COMPANY
Holland, Michigan

Gentlemen: I have read about your inspection and repair service, and am interested in further information on the subjects I have checked in the squares below.

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- ☐ Vacuum Cleaning for my entire heating system.
- ☐ Reconditioning.
- ☐ Resetting.
- ☐ Combined cleaning and reconditioning.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

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I enclose 16¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set which includes one shade of polish and 3 other manicure essentials, together with sample of matching lipstick, as checked below.

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Rice for Hot Weather

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

RICE is nutritious, very easily digested, and commends itself because it is so delightfully easy to cook and prepare. Further, it is economical since it may be said to be 100% value, with no rind to peel, no hulls or wasted weight. Last, it keeps excellently in all weather changes, takes up but little space on the pantry shelf, and offers slight inducement for spoilage by insects. Clean, compact, and ever-ready, rice is the right starch food for torrid Summer days.

The progressive housewife always wishes to learn the true food values of the dishes she serves. Hence it is interesting to note that rice contains an average of 88% nutriment, of which about 8% is protein and 79% the purest natural starch, with some fat residue.

When a small additional amount of protein, such as fish, eggs, or meat is added to rice, with a balance of green vegetables, one has a complete ration, or a substantial "one-dish meal." Many of the dishes famed throughout the Orient, such as the curry, pilaf, etc., etc., are just such rice-compound dishes.

What is the difference between "polished" and "coated" rice? is a frequent question of the new housewife.

Polished rice is produced from brown rice after the germ has been clipped off and the brownish bran coating removed. The "polishing" is done by friction with soft brushes.

Coated rice is polished rice treated with a mixture of talc and corn syrup; this gives it a still clearer pearly lustre. This "coating" comes off when the rice is well washed.

Wild rice, or Indian rice, is not a true rice, but the seed of a marsh water grass growing in shallow water. The grains are long, thin, and greenish. Wild rice has a peculiar flavor, and is liked as a stuffing for wildfowl, game, etc., or as the starchy accompaniment of such meats.

Wild rice is generally harvested by Indians in canoes.

There are many varieties of rice, each with characteristic shape and length. These varieties are known by trade names, often the name being given by the discoverer of that variety—thus the name "Blue Rose" was given by the planter who discovered this variety because he wanted the name to be unusual, and so, well remembered.

We have in this country these three classes of rice, and their accompanying names, thus:

Long-grained rice (Rexoro, Fortuna, Edith, etc.)

Medium-grained rice (Blue Rose, Early Prolific, etc.).

Short-grained rice (Caloro, Japanese style, etc.).

The "Blue Rose," with a short stubby grain, and the "Rexoro," with a long slender grain, are perhaps the two leaders of those varieties used in the kitchen.

Standards have been established for the quality, type and grading of all rice. In the United States there are six grades, beginning with the top or best called the "Extra Fancy No. 1 Grade," and going to the lowest or "sample grade."

These standards are based chiefly on the degree of wholeness of the grain and the freedom of an admixture of foreign matter, or of kernels of another variety. In the top grade, for example, the grains are creamy white, with no "broken" grains, or any other material. Naturally this grade commands the best price, but it cooks to a very large bulk, with every grain white, full, and perfect.

Cooks will be interested to know of some recent cooking tests on rice, conducted by the Bureau of Home Economics at Washington. All varieties tested were boiled by exactly the same standard method and under identical time-lengths. Judged by these standards, it was found that there is considerable variation in cooking time: some varieties cook much more rapidly than others. Thus, Rexoro, a long-grained rice, cooked in exactly 16 minutes, while it required 24 minutes for the variety Early Prolific to reach the same cooking point. It is therefore important that varieties shall not be mixed or "broken," or the cooking will be uneven and the results not uniform in pleasing tenderness.

And now for the "how" and the "why" of cooking rice to perfection. No doubt rice is one of our most mistreated foods, for a dish of pasty rice is sure proof either of inexperience or carelessness.

In properly cooked rice, the kernels are all whole and each with its own shape, but the mass tender and creamy. The dish is dry and springy (if we may use this term in speaking of a food) or at least light and aerated, never mashed down or like a bowl of library paste.

Now there is only one secret—if you wish to call it so—about cooking rice right, and that is to USE ABUNDANT WATER, and to boil without a lid. The usual suggestion for cooking rice is to use 1 cup of rice to 5 cups of water. This is not correct. There should be 8 cups of water, or even 10 cups to each cup of rice boiled. Why? Because it requires this generous amount of water to wash off the coating and the loose starch, which if retained, will make the grains "pasty." That is all there is to it!

Use the 8 cups to 1 proportion, and salt water generously. Bring to a bubbling boil, and add the washed rice. Boil very rapidly, uncovered, and in from 16 to 20 minutes the rice should be cooked. Allow cold water to run over it at the sink, drain, and replace in a warm location to swell and dry out.

Or cook as they often do in the Orient (but that is brown rice, remember) by adding to a small quantity of water and simmering slowly. Never stir any rice dish with a spoon as it is bound to mash the grains; always use a fork.

Recipes for rice are legion. More dishes using it with shrimps, crab, fish, etc., should be concocted after the manner of the Creole dishes, so justly famous. Rice with highly seasoned sauces, as tomato, pepper, onion, mushroom, etc., make satisfying but digestible luncheon dishes.

Small amounts of meat, particularly chicken and lamb, combine well with all rice, especially when toned up with curry sauces. Rice with milk, as in nursery dishes, is the least interesting combination, if we except a well-made and seasoned and properly baked rice pudding—second choice dessert with most men.

Rice Stuffing: 2 cups boiled rice, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 cup finely chopped celery, 4 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning, salt, pepper. Cook onion, butter and parsley. Add rice and seasonings, and combine well. Use as stuffing for chicken, for stuffed peppers, or whole baked tomatoes, or for rolled cabbage leaves. Tomato stock may be added for flavor.

Baked Rice with Tomatoes and Cheese: 1 cup rice cooked and drained, 2 cups cut up ripe tomatoes, ¾ cup grated sharp cheese, ½ cup minced pimientos, salt, pepper. Combine all ingredients and pour into well greased shallow glass baking dish. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

Spanish Shrimp and Rice: 2 cups cooked or canned shrimps cut coarsely, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup hot tomato soup, 1 tablespoon chilli sauce, 2 egg yolks beaten with cayenne pepper and grated onion, 1 tablespoon cream, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup fine buttered crumbs. Melt butter and add flour. Add tomato soup and all other ingredients and mix well. Cook until smooth, being careful not to scorch. Fill into individual baking dishes or ramekins, cover with crumbs and bake 6 minutes to brown in hot oven. Serve immediately, passing hot boiled rice separately. Or use the fish sauce without baking, only pouring around or in center of a ring of drained boiled rice.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Pineapple Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Rolls, Coffee.	Prune Juice, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Creamed Dried Beef in Hot Graham Popovers, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Green Corn Griddle Cakes, Coffee.	Grapefruit Juice, Scrambled Eggs, Ice Box Rolls, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Soft Fried Eggs, Toasted Rolls, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Cereal, Toasted English Muffins, Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Double Decker Lamb Sandwiches (Left-Overs).	Broiled Bacon, Creamed Corn, Baked Potatoes, Blueberry Muffins, Hermits, Iced Punch.	Toasted Peanut Butter Sandwiches, Sliced Peaches or Canteloupe, Drop Cookies, Iced Cocoa.	Deviled Eggs, Jellied Vegetable Salad (Peas, etc.), Prune Muffins, Buttermilk.	Stuffed Egg-plant (with Noodles), Sunshine Salad, Cheese Wafers, Iced Cocoa.	Seashore Chowder, Toasted Crackers, Apple Sauce, Mystery Cakes,	Cold Roast Chicken, Corn on the Cob, Lima Beans, Tomato Salad, Chives French Dressing, Blackberry Bombe Glace, Home Made Macaroons, Iced Coffee.
Dinner (Company)	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Roast Stuffed Guinea Hen, Boiled Pineapple or Peaches, Lima Beans, Buttered Okra, "Hard Times" Salad (Mixture of all green vegetables available), Savory French Dressing, Ice Cream Eclairs.	Emergency Hors d'Oeuvres, Swiss Steak, Steamed Rice or Spaghetti, Asparagus and Beet Salad, French Dressing, Lemon Cream Sherbet.	Baked Macaroni and Cheese, Shredded Cucumber, Lettuce, Tomato and Beet Salad, French Dressing, Ice Cream.	Chicken Terrapin, Parsley Potatoes, Stuffed Tomato Salad, Upside Down Gingerbread (Pineapple).	Boiled Salmon with Egg Sauce or Jellied Princess Salmon with Whipped Cream Dressing, Potato Chips, Pepper Relish or Pepper Jelly, Cucumber Salad, Savory French Dressing, Peach Meringue Pie (with Zwieback Pastry).	Pressed Corn Beef and Vegetable Salad Plate, Boston Brown Bread, Baked Cup Custard.	Cottage Cheese Sandwich Loaf, Pin Wheel Jelly Roll, Lemonade.

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The Girl Men Talked About

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 17)

have no right to interfere between husband and wife."

"Even if you married her, that gives you no right to ill-treat her," Robin said meaningly. "I heard Otelia scream before I broke into the room. I don't know why..."

But even as he said it his glance rested on the hunting crop that, at the interruption, Boris had flung on the floor. His intense blue eyes widened with incredulity. Slowly that incredulity changed to a look of intense horror. That any man should dare so to ill-treat the girl he worshiped!

Robin saw red in that moment. He turned suddenly on Boris, his hands clenched by his sides. "Have you dared use that upon her?" he demanded, pointing to the whip.

Something fiercely compelling in his gaze caused Boris' glance to fall beneath his. "What right have you to question me—a king?" Boris blustered, when Robin cut him short. "I question you as a man," he shot out. "You may be a king, but you are also a man, and it is as a man that you must answer to me."

As he spoke he moved towards Boris, his fists clenched. Otelia, crouched against a chair, watched them, fascinated.

Robin's back was turned towards the window through which he had broken his way. As he made to spring on Boris, she saw an arm reach through that window, a heavy leaden object in the hand.

She screamed with all her might, but the warning came too late. That same instant the heavy object had been brought down crash on his head.

Robin sank with a groan to the floor. Otelia, her whole soul sick with horror, rushed towards him. But before she could reach him Boris had caught her and was holding her back.

"Gently, my love," his voice mocked her, "I think Josef can attend to—your lover very well!"

She saw now that the servant Josef had silently entered the room. It had been he who had knocked Robin over the head. He stood waiting his master's commands.

"Bind him and take him down to the cellar." Boris kicked the unconscious man with his foot. "I don't fancy he'll trouble us again, at least not tonight." Then, when the servant had carried away the stunned man, he turned again towards Otelia who was staring, her eyes wide with pity and terror, at the door through which Robin had been taken.

"Now that this charming little interlude is over," Boris said, his tones both malicious and mocking, "perhaps you will realize who is master, my lady wife!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Why Sal Hepatica is unlike ordinary laxatives... How it not only thoroughly cleanses system but also combats the acid condition that accompanies constipation.

If you want *real* relief from the headaches, the listlessness and other disagreeable effects of constipation you must, doctors agree, do these *two* things:

Cleanse your system and correct the acidity that accompanies constipation.

You can not expect ordinary laxatives to do *both*. For the ordinary laxative will only cleanse your intestinal tract. *It is not designed to counteract your acid condition.*

No wonder then that millions of people are turning to Sal Hepatica! For this is *the* laxative that brings relief from *both* constipation and the accompanying excess acidity!

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All these ailments are commonly associated with and aggravated by constipation and an acid condition.

7:10 A. M. Feels unnaturally "tired", listless, has nasty headache.

7:15 A. M. Takes 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water.

9:15 A. M. 2 hours later. Feels great. Fit and ready for day's activity.

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Favorites---Old and New

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Salad Dressing (Without Oil).

BEAT 2 eggs, add ½ cup lemon juice, ¾ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar and 4 tablespoons butter and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until creamy and smooth. Remove from heat. Chill. Fold in ½ cup cream, beaten until stiff.

Mock Baltimore Terrapin.

PRESS 1 cooked egg yolk through sieve and blend with 2 tablespoons creamed butter, 1 tablespoon flour, a few grains paprika, ½ teaspoon mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning and a few grains pepper. Add 1 cup hot chicken or liver stock and mix well. Bring to the boiling point and add 2 cups diced cooked calf's liver, ½ cup chopped olives, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Turn into buttered ramekins or individual baking dishes, sprinkle generously with buttered bread crumbs and bake until brown. Garnish with crisp sprigs of parsley.

Old-Fashioned Peach Pudding.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Work in 4 or 5 tablespoons butter and add ⅔ cup milk. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead slightly. Pat or roll out about ½ or ½ inch thick. With a small biscuit cutter prepare pieces to cover bottom of buttered muffin pans. Mix 2 cups sliced ripe peaches with about ½ cup sugar. Place some of the peach and sugar mixture on dough in each muffin pan. Place a round of the dough on top of peaches. Bake in a hot oven until brown. Serve warm with hard sauce or cream.

Lemon Pudding (Rice).

PICK over and wash ½ cup rice. Cover with cold water and let soak an hour or two. Drain, put in double boiler, add 3 cups rich milk and cook over hot water until rice is soft. Add ½ cup sugar, grated rind of ½ lemon, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, and 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten. Cook until mixture coats the spoon, stirring constantly. Turn into a buttered dish and cool. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, adding 4 tablespoons powdered sugar gradually and flavor with a few drops lemon extract. Spread this meringue over the pudding and bake in a moderate oven just long enough to brown the meringue.

Chop Suey (1).

COOK 3 cups diced cooked veal or chicken in 1 tablespoon fat until brown. Add 1 quart sliced celery, 1 cup sliced onion and 3 cups water. Cook until celery is tender, stirring frequently with a fork. Add 1 sliced ripe tomato and 3 cups canned bean sprouts and cook for 3 minutes longer. Mix 1 tablespoon cornstarch with 1 teaspoon Chinese brown sauce and 3 tablespoons Soy sauce and stir into mixture. Cook about 1 minute, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Serve immediately.

Chop Suey (2).

COOK 1 tablespoon sugar without adding any water in saucepan until it forms a golden syrup. Add 1½ cups diced cooked veal or pork, 6 or 8 chopped onions, 2 cups minced celery, 1 or 2 finely chopped green peppers (discarding seeds), 1 tablespoon salt pork fat or salad oil, and 1 pint well-seasoned meat broth. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Simmer until vegetables are tender and the mixture quite thick. With a cork stir in 1 cup of rice, boiled or steamed, and ½ cup Soy sauce.

Wedding Cake Icing (By Request).

IN the top of a double boiler place 3 cups sugar, 10 tablespoons hot water, 3 level tablespoons white corn syrup, and 4 unbeaten egg whites. Mix well. Place over rapidly boiling water and beat with a rotary egg beater (an electric beater is splendid for this purpose) for 5 minutes. Remove from fire, but leave over the hot water and continue beating for 3 minutes. Then place over cold water and beat for 2 minutes, adding a few drops flavoring. Spread as usual.

Lemon Watercress Butter (for Sandwiches).

WASH and cream ½ cup butter. Thoroughly blend with 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 5 or 6 tablespoons finely chopped watercress.

Sour Cream Dressing (Without Oil).

MELT 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup sour cream and stir constantly until creamy and thick. Add 3 egg yolks beaten and mixed with ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup lemon juice and a few grains paprika. Stir constantly until eggs are set. Beat well. Chill and fold in 2 cups whipped sweet or sour cream.

Banana Trifle.

PEEL and mash 4 or 5 choice ripe bananas. Add 1 unbeaten egg white and beat with a rotary beater until stiff. Chill and serve with plain or whipped cream.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3210—ALL DRESSED UP WHEN A CUTE, RUFFLED ORGANDY COLLAR TOPS SHEER DIMITY PANTIE FROCK! Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 35-inch fabric and ½ yard contrasting.

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Pattern 3085—SERVICEABLE JUMPER WITH PLENTY OF FRESH BLOUSES IS THE GOLDEN RULE FOR BUSY SCHOOL DAYS! Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch fabric and 1⅛ yards contrasting blouse.

Pattern 3215—SLEEVES AS YOU LIKE THEM—LONG OR SHORT! COTTON FROCK AS YOU WANT IT—SIMPLE, FLATTERING, EASY TO MAKE! Designed for size 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

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Recipes Readers Request

Luncheon Grill.

MIX 1½ pounds ground steak with 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ little pepper. Form into flat round cakes. Wash and peel 6 bananas and cut 3 ripe tomatoes in halves crosswise. Brush bananas, tomatoes and meat cakes with melted butter and sprinkle tomatoes with salt and paprika. Place bananas, tomatoes and meat cakes on rack in broiler and cook about 12 minutes in a rather quick oven. Turn bananas once during the cooking. Serve on hot platter with a garnish of crisp parsley.

Potatoes Baked in Cream.

SLICE 4 medium-sized cold boiled potatoes. Sprinkle with ½ tablespoon salt, add ¾ cup milk and ½ cup cream and bake slowly for ½ hour or until sauce is very thick.

Hashed Brown Potatoes.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter in a baking dish. Add 6 sliced medium-sized cold boiled potatoes into the baking dish. Add ½ tablespoon salt and mix lightly. Bake in a hot oven until browned. Stir with a fork, add 3 tablespoons milk and brown again. Stir and brown again. Garnish with a sprig of parsley and serve immediately.

Chives Butter (for Sandwiches).

WASH and cream ½ cup butter. Beat until smooth with 3 tablespoons finely chopped chives.

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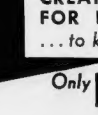
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